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JANUARY 11, 1985

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
OMO'S TAX FRIGHT
See page 62

NATIONAL REVIEW

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St. Augustine
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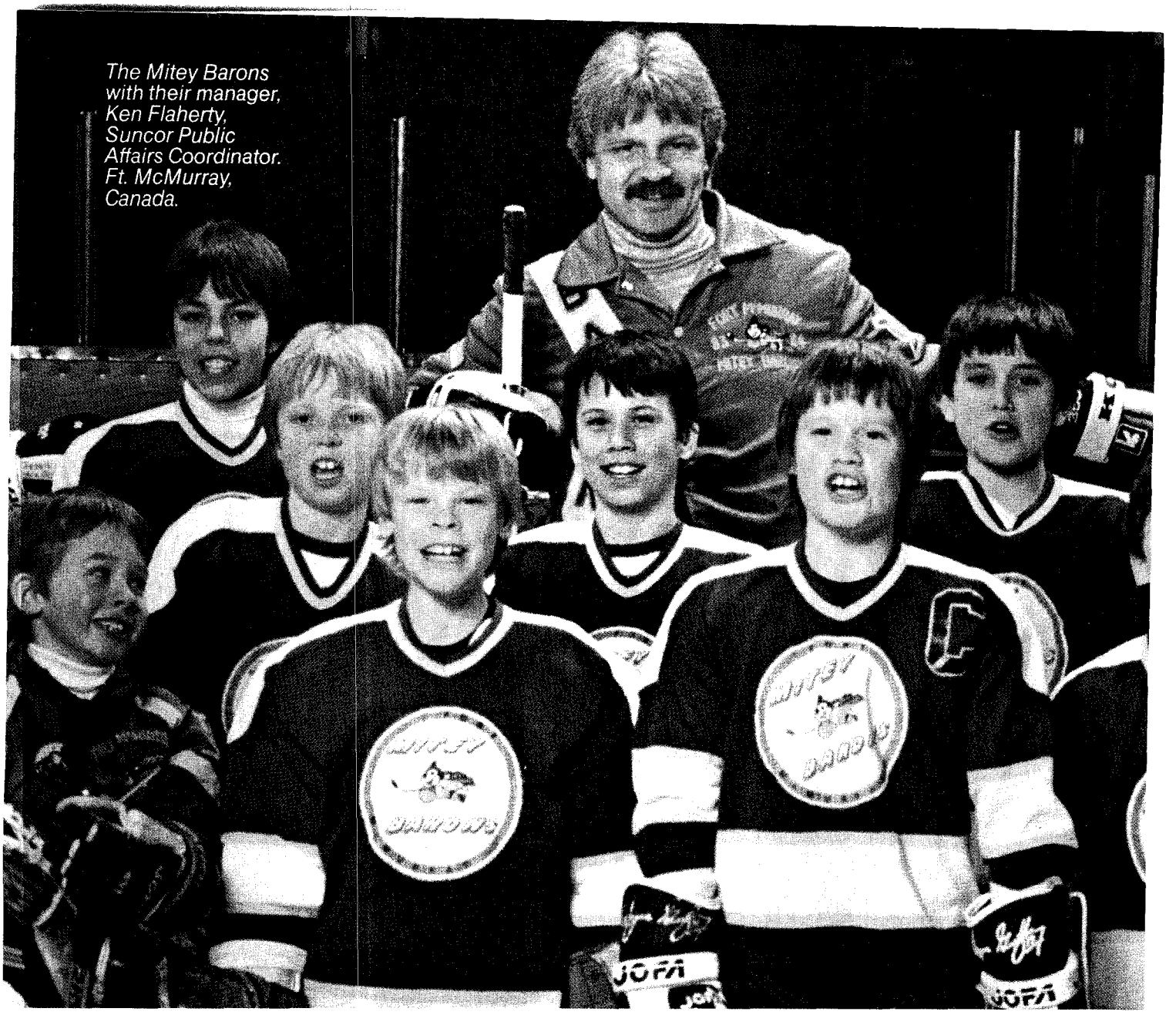

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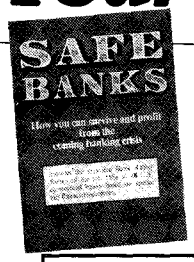

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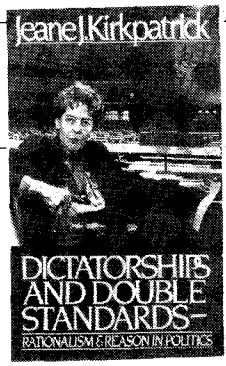

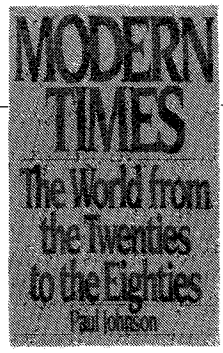

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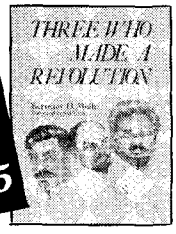

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LETTERS

In the Right Direction

It was nice to see an article in *NR* ["The Evangelical Surge," by John McLaughlin, Dec. 28] giving some credit to evangelicals for the recent election results. *NR* often falls into the trap of assuming that evangelicals are a fast-disappearing, insignificant minority. In fact, there are a lot of us out here, enough even to sway elections, and many of us are literate and politically aware.

I read somewhere recently the formulation that anti-evangelicalism is the last socially acceptable form of bigotry, replacing anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. McLaughlin, in praising evangelicals, defied the consensus. But even he tended to lump all evangelicals together with TV preachers. Bigotry is based on stereotypes, and *NR* will really be doing us a service when it realizes that we are a diverse group, of which the majority receives religious guidance and instruction through churches, not from the media. We consider fair treatment a courtesy, and that kind of courtesy is more likely to win support—and votes.

James D. Clarke
Wenham, Mass.

Congratulations

The "Victory Issue" of NATIONAL REVIEW [Nov. 30] is magnificent.

I especially appreciated the superior articles detailing recommendations for President Reagan's second-term agenda. And the "Books, Arts & Manners" section successfully rounded out one of the most fulfilling issues I can remember since I first subscribed in 1964.

Doris B. Bonner
Malvern, Pa.

Supply-Side Science

Tom Bethell's article on "supply-side" economics ["The Consensus View," Nov. 16] brought to mind an important analogy to the class of so-called "nonlinear" problems in physics, of which the circulation of the atmosphere is a prominent example. In the problem of the atmosphere, wind speeds, for example, "feed back" into themselves; that is, they are self-influencing, in fact strongly self-influencing. The Laffer Curve, which represents the tendency of the maximum marginal tax rate to feed back into itself, is a close analogy. The nonlinear class of physical problems is notoriously resistant to mathematical solution, which accounts for human resistance to accepting their significance for the real world. Hence the intellectual reluctance to accept the nonlinear character of the federal tax system should not be surprising. An ironical facet of the argument over supply-side economics has been exhibited by some of my colleagues, who are very well aware of the importance of nonlinear problems in physics but will not admit the validity of the Laffer analysis in economics.

R. C. Whitten
Cupertino, Calif.

Flight and Famine

The figures on Afghan refugees are even worse than those reported in your November 16 issue ["For the Record"].

The figure of more than three million refers only to those refugees who are in Pakistan. Last year Iran reported 1.5 million Afghan refugees there. In addition, an estimated two million Afghans are "internal refugees" in their own country, driven from their bombed villages to seek safer havens, usually in the cities—where, of course, they can more easily be controlled. The population of Kabul has reportedly swollen from about 750,000 to more than two million.

Thus, some 40 per cent of the entire pre-war Afghan population of 15 to 17 million are now refugees—a situation that Charles Sternberg of the International Rescue Committee calls "unparalleled in history." And this does not count the dead, now estimated at more than half a million.

And the refugees keep coming, fleeing the cruelty and death inflicted by the Soviet strategy of deliberately attacking civilian targets in order to crush the resistance—even if that means emptying the country. If nothing changes, half a nation may soon be in exile or dead. This winter, those remaining inside Afghanistan face a desperate situation and possible famine.

Yet the Afghans fight on, determined to regain their freedom. And, even in such desperate conditions, they struggle to keep their village schools open so that their children will not be lost to ignorance.

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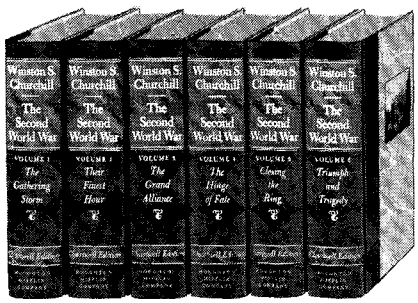

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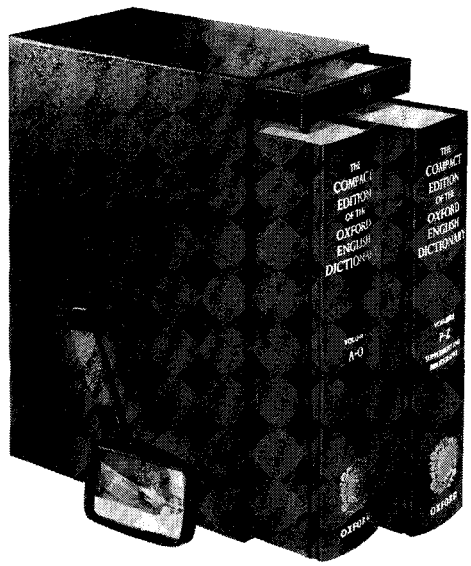

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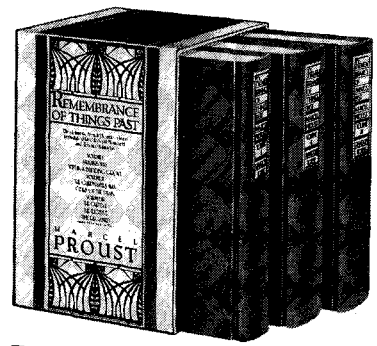

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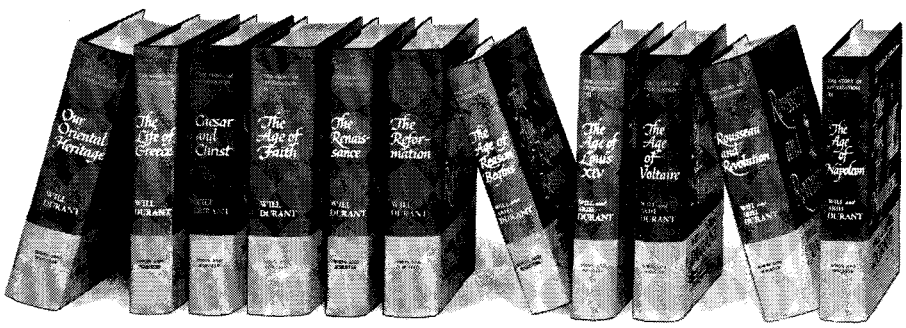

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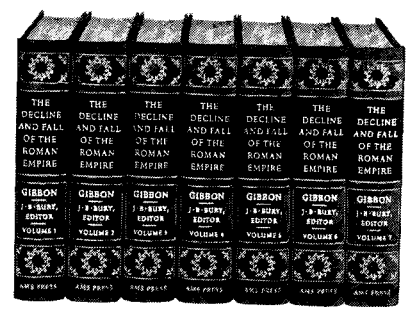

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Student Activists

You recently asked about the status of the National Student Association after the departure of David Ifshin ["Little Lord Haw Haw Is Back," "On the Right," Nov. 2].

As past Director of Legislative Affairs for the Undergraduate Student Government of the Ohio State University, I had the opportunity to find out the answer.

Supposedly, the NSA was on one of Nixon's "hit lists," and it disbanded during his term. It then reorganized under the banner of the United States Student Association and continued its extreme leftist tilt. Not surprisingly, the leadership has been known to praise and be praised by the Polish student-union leadership, and the statements of goals of the two groups appear to be quite similar. After I left student government, Bob Greer of West Virginia tried with some success to take over the USSA and install conservatives. The current status is unknown.

Meanwhile, what happened to the USG's leadership? Our president, Colleen O'Brien, is working for the Republicans in the Ohio Statehouse. Our vice president, Wade Steen, ran a tight race against a popular black Democrat for a seat in the Statehouse. And I was the Greene County, Ohio, Reagan/Bush chairman in the 1984 campaign.

Mark Moorman
Alpha, Ohio

Rite Wrongs

Your "For the Record" [Nov. 2] refers to a "Ukrainian *Roman* Catholic Church" (italics added). Shame on you for allowing such an oxymoron in your pages. The Ukrainian Catholic Church or, better, the Catholic Church Ukrainian Rite, is a part of Catholicism whose earliest faithful were Orthodox Christians who renounced the Schism of 1054 and entered into union with the See of Peter, with a *quid pro quo* retention of their own rite and ritual.

The Ukrainian Rite was, and is, never to be "Romanized," even to the extent that a Ukrainian infant who, for whatever reason, may have been baptized in the Roman Rite of the Catholic Church is nevertheless still considered to be a member of the Ukrainian Rite of his ancestors. Further, in a marriage of a Roman Rite woman to a Ukrainian Rite man, the nuptials must take place in the Ukrainian Rite parish so that the Rite may be perpetuated and not "Romanized." The notion of a "Ukrainian *Roman* Catholic Church" is a canonical impossibility.

John T. Zubal
Cleveland, Ohio

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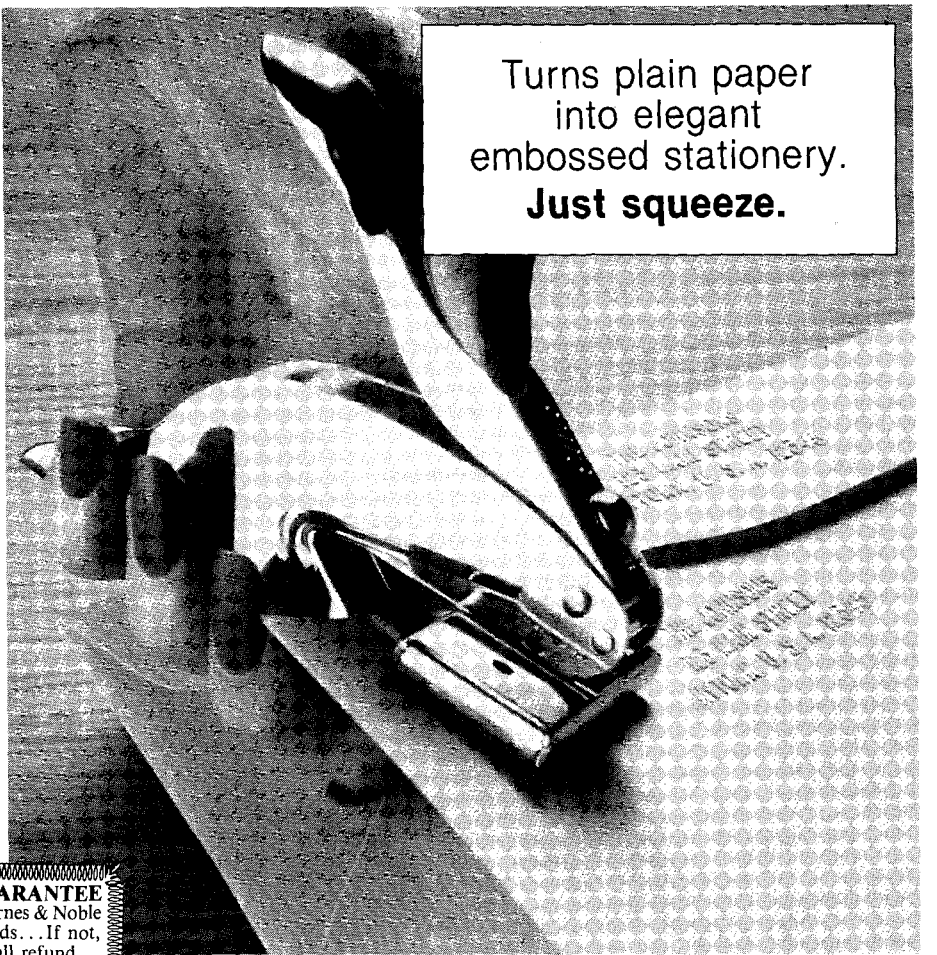

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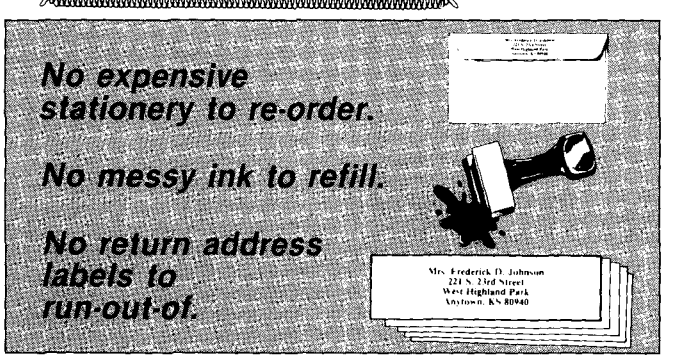

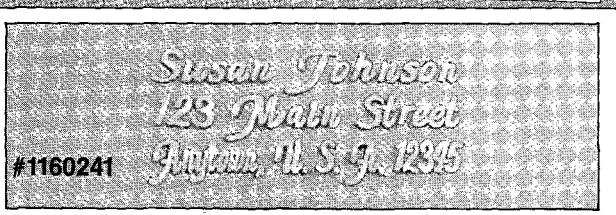

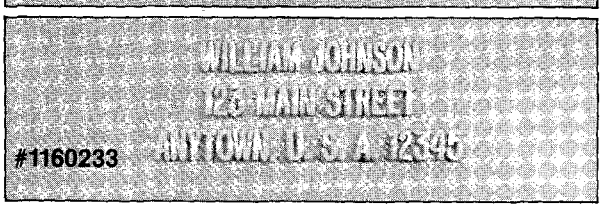

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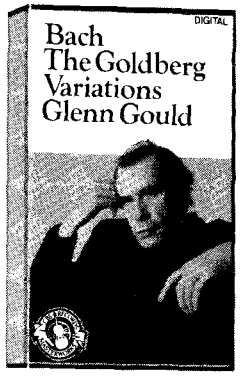

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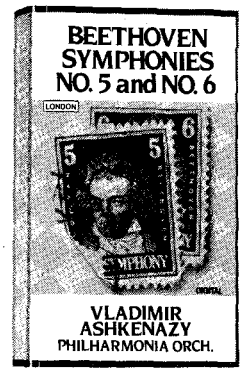

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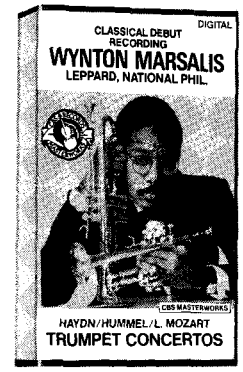

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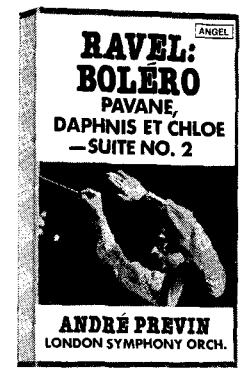

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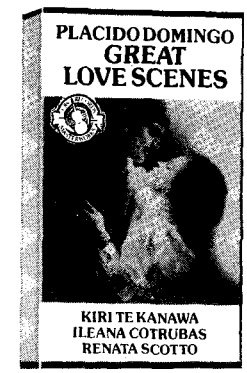

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171504. Switched-On-Bach—Moog versions of *Air on a G String; Wachet Auf;* etc.—played by Wendy Carlos (Columbia)

319434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba and Harpsichord—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ken Cooper, harpsichord *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

306464. Little Bach Book—Glenn Gould plays favorites from *French Suite;* many more (Columbia)

316216. Bach: Suite No. 2 for Flute; Telemann: Flute Suite in A Minor—J. Baker, A. Newman, Madeira Festival *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

328054. Bach's Tops—*Gavotte; Sleepers Awake;* more. Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York (CBS)

BEETHOVEN

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—(Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique) Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

326918. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 3 & 23 (Appassionata)—beautifully played. Andre-Michel Schub *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

325340. Beethoven: "Hammerklavier" Sonata; 11 Bagatelles—Rudolf Serkin (Masterworks Portrait)

322362. Beethoven: Piano Trios No. 1 & 3—three virtuosi: Barenboim, DuPre, Zukerman (Vox Cum Laude)

315457. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Szell, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Mehta and Boettcher, cond. (Counts as 2—Vox)

230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

173674. Beethoven's Greatest Hits—*Ode to Joy;* excerpt from *Moonlight Sonata;* etc. Various artists (Columbia)

BRAHMS

307884. Brahms: Double Concerto—Zukerman, Harrell; Mehta, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

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329110. Brahms/Schoenberg: Piano Quartet—a masterful transcription! Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

312439. Brahms: Liebeslieder Walzer; Neue Liebeslieder Walzer (complete)—L.A. Vocal Arts Ensemble *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

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306183. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1—Murray Perahia; Zubin Mehta and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

DEBUSSY

322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

328005. Debussy: Images (complete); **Estampes;** etc.—Ivan Moravec, pianist *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

296830. Debussy: Quartet; Ravel: Quartet—Tokyo String Quartet (Columbia)

328401. Debussy: Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp; Syrinx for Solo Flute—plus works by Ravel, Faure, etc. Orpheus Trio *(Digital*—Vanguard Audiophile)

191874. Debussy's Greatest Hits—*Clair de lune, Reverie,* etc. Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (Columbia)

GERSHWIN

318295. Gershwin Live!—Sarah Vaughan sings *The Man I Love,* etc. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; An American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

HAYDN

326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E Flat (Wynton Marsalis (CBS Masterworks)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

MAHLER

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Ameling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)

325357. Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde—soloists, N.Y. Phil., Bruno Walter (Masterworks Portrait)

MOZART

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts *Philharmonia* Orch. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro (Masterworks Portrait)

318311. Mozart: Symphonies 36 (Linz) **38** (Prague)—Rampal, Mostly Mozart Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Szell, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

326975. Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4; Adagio; Rondos—Zukerman plays, conducts St. Paul Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

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322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartettsatz"—Tokyo String Quartet *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music**—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

325092. Schubert: Sonata in B Flat; etc.—Alicia de Larrocha *(Digital*—London)

320432. Schubert: String Quartets Nos. 12 & 13 (Quartettsatz)—Juilliard Quar. (CBS Masterworks)

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312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. Moscow Radio/TV Sym. Orch. (Col./Melodiya)

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329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

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281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. *Zubin Mehta,* N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

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326926. Dvorak: Legends—*Zinman,* Rochester Phil. *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

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234237. Schumann: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1—Rudolf Serkin; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Count as 2—Columbia)

320424. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben—Dicterow, violin; Mehta, N.Y. Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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326660. Suppe: Overtures—*Poet and Peasant; Light Cavalry;* etc.—Solti, Vienna Phil. (London/Jubilee)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino; I Vespri Siciliana; Nabucco;* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2—Elektra)

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—*Ride of the Valkyries,* etc. Mehta and New York Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)

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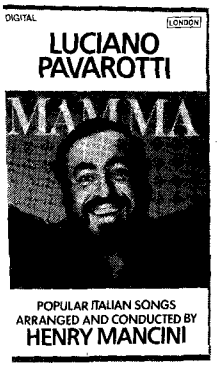

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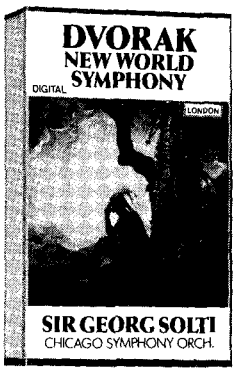

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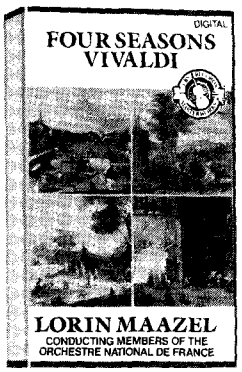

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15. Horowitz Plays maninoff—*Sonata in t; Prelude G-Sharp; 3 s-Tableaux* (Columbia)

07. Patrick Gleeson's puter Realization of di's Four Seasons *al*—Varese Sarabande)

2. Lili Kraus Plays k—*Hungarian Peasant s & Folksongs; Rondos; ina;* etc. (Vanguard)

13. Alicia de Larrocha Granados—*Danzas olas* (London)

7. Ruth Laredo Plays —*La Valse, Miroirs,* BS Masterworks)

13. Ivan Moravec Schumann & Brahms. *szenen; Intermezzi; Digital*—Nonesuch)

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits—Debussy's *Girl With The Flaxen Hair;* Handel's *Largo;* etc. (Columbia)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer,* etc. (CBS)

329151. Renaissance Brass performing works by Byrd, Gibbons, Farnaby (Argo)

309237. Daniel Varsano—Erik Satie Piano Music. *Gymnopedies, Sonatine Bureaucratique,* etc. (Columbia)

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill;* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—World's Favorite Overtures. *Die Fledermaus; Carmen; William Tell;* etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

329524. Peaches & Cream—Dances & Marches by John Philip Sousa. Erich Kunzel, Cincinnati Pops *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

328856. Placido Domingo—Always In My Heart. Spanish songs by Lecuona; *Malaguena,* more (CBS)

311472. Placido Domingo With John Denver—Perhaps Love. Also: *Annie's Song; Yesterday;* etc. (CBS)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

326108. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Faith Of Our Fathers. Traditional hymns *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

303453-393454. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. Works by Bellini, Puccini, Verdi, etc. (Counts as 2—London)

326421. Leontyne Price Sings Verdi—arias from *Aida, Otello,* etc. (London)

321463. Beverly Sills and Andre Kostelanetz—Music of Victor Herbert. *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life;* etc. (Angel)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

316570. The Tango Project—*La Cumparsita; Adios Muchachos,* etc. William Schimmel, accordion; etc. *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

324772. Kiri Te Kanawa—Songs of the Auvergne (by Canteloube). English Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329722. Wagner: Lohengrin (Highlights)—Peter Hofmann, tenor; Bayreuth Festival Orch. & Chorus (CBS Masterworks)

329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs; songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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FOR THE RECORD

In the waning hours of the old year, **Margaret Thatcher** hammered another nail into coffin of Empire by signing treaty transferring Hong Kong to China in 1997. . . . The UN General Assembly, having studied the devastation in Ethiopia, voted, 122 to 5 (U.S., G.B., Belgium, Netherlands, Luxembourg), to spend $73.5 million on building a conference center in Addis Ababa. That money, said U.S. representative **Richard Nygard**, could pay for inoculation of one million children, build 25,000 wells and pumps for 12.5 million people, and feed 150,000 Ethiopian families for a year. . . . On Dec. 18, Egyptian Foreign Minister **Esmat Abdel Meguid** took his seat at meeting of Islamic Conference Organization in Yemen for first time in five years, over objections of Libya, Syria, Iran. The Algerian representative commented that if Damascus and Tripoli didn't like it, they could take a walk. Quite a switch from the days when Algeria's **Boumedienne** led the radical Arab world. . . . French Minister for Cooperation and Development **Christian Nucci** signed an aid agreement with the Sandinistas making Nicaragua the third largest recipient of French foreign aid in Latin America (after Brazil and Mexico). . . . Elections in Grenada and Belize (former British Honduras) brought pro-U.S. regimes to power. In Belize, Prime Minister-designate **Manuel Esquivel**, whose conservative United Democratic Party won 21 of 28 seats in the parliament, pledged to open up his country to foreign investment and called for closer economic ties with the United States. . . . Going the rounds in El Salvador: In contest to determine which was the most honest government in Latin America, Mexico won. It bought the judges. . . . It was Merry Christmas Soviet-style for ten men demonstrating in front of the ***Pushkin*** *statue in central* Moscow in honor of International Human Rights Day. They were arrested. The demonstration consisted of standing silently in front of the statue—and removing their hats. . . . And *U.S. News* reports **Svetlana Alliluyeva** is already unhappy in Moscow, and that her gutsy 13-year-old daughter, **Olga**, turned up for her first day in a Moscow school wearing a crucifix around her neck.

Martin, *Punch* / Rothco

"Here's to the year 2!"

At home it's Crèches 10, ACLU 0 around the land. New York's Central Park has erected its first crèche in sixty years, as a result of the Supreme Court decision in Pawtucket, R.I., case. . . . Outgoing Education Secretary **Terrel Bell**'s rating of high schools in the fifty states found New Hampshire's low-funded but high-quality schools again placing first in nation on SAT scores. . . . Harvard professor **Christoph Wolff** has discovered 35 unknown compositions for the organ by **Johann Sebastian Bach** in the Yale library, just in time for Bach's three-hundredth birthday party in 1985. . . . To the surprise of no one who watches the evening news, **Michael Robinson**'s Media Analysis Project at George Washington U. found TV evening news coverage of the campaign three times more critical of **Ronald Reagan** than of **Walter Mondale**. . . . Final campaign quip by former **Jerry Ford** gag writer **Robert Orben**: "1984 was the year they said Ronald Reagan could beat Walter Mondale with his eyes closed—and did."

Looking ahead: You think the GOP race in 1988 will be among **Bush, Kemp, Baker, Dole**? You're right, but, in addition, conservative political analyst **Kevin Phillips** lists these possibilities: Govs. **Jim Thompson** (Ill.) and **George Deukmejian** (Calif.) and retiring Gov. **Pete DuPont** (Del.); Sens. **Paula Hawkins** (Fla.), **Bill Armstrong** (Colo.), and **Phil Gramm** (Tex.); Rep. **Guy Vander Jagt** (Mich.); and New York businessman **Lew Lehrman**, who ran close race against **Mario Cuomo** in 1982. . . . Retiring Sen. **Charles Percy** (Ill.) says he doesn't want ambassadorship to India; but is he interested in replacing **Jeane Kirkpatrick** at the UN? Also being mentioned, if you can believe it, the few-treads-left perennial liberal Republican **Elliot Richardson**. A more likely candidate, **John Silber**, conservative president of Boston University, also being mentioned as possible Sec. of Ed. . . . Kevin Phillips thinks Robert Dole's election as Majority Leader "means minimal further advance for what ideological conservatives call the 'Reagan Revolution.'" . . . **Richard Viguerie**, publisher of *Conservative Digest*, calls Dole's elevation "an unmitigated disaster." Viguerie is considering going into politics himself, running for lieutenant governor of Virginia. . . . Rep. **Mickey Edwards** (see also "Letter from Washington") will be succeeded as chairman of American Conservative Union by **David Keene**, well-known conservative Washington political analyst. . . . And on Dec. 14, the last congressional race of the year was decided. The winner, by 34 votes out of 233,000 cast, Republican challenger **Richard McIntyre** over Democratic Rep. **Frank McCloskey**, in Indiana's 8th CD.

The radical *Guardian* has just the right gift for the leftist who has everything. "Put **Marx** back into Christmas," goes an ad in a current issue, "with a Class Struggle board game." "More fun than *Das Kapital*," say **Paul Sweezy** and **Harry Magdoff**. "My kids loved playing it as much as I did," adds **Michael Harrington**. "Very instructive"—**Alex Cockburn**. (It's $17.60.)

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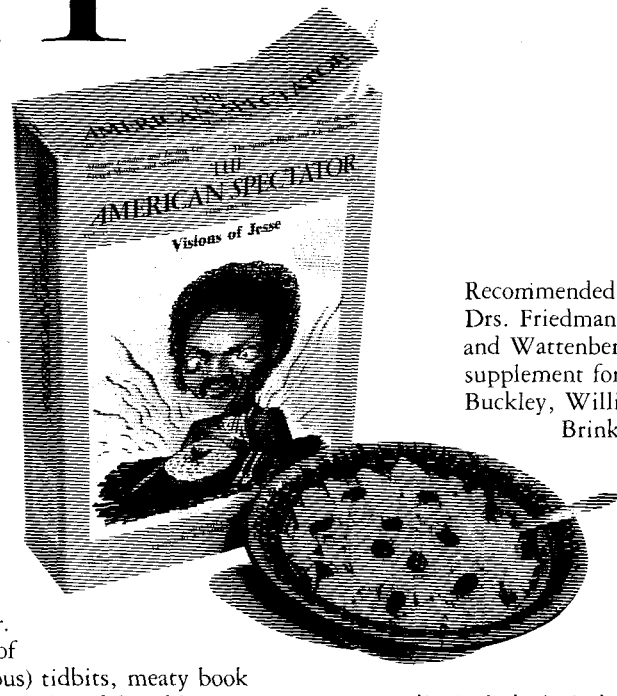
Cerebral supplement.



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THE WEEK

☐ Some Christian—and other—groups are protesting against the placing, on federal property near the White House, of a set of plastic figurines representing a devout Jewish family in ancient Judaea. The protestors would of course deny that they are driven by any anti-Semitic motivation. Still, we wonder: Would they raise the same objections (of unconstitutionality, etc.) if the scene depicted a modern, secularized Gentile family?

☐ Initial reports on the White House's budget-cutting plans sound encouraging. The strategy is apparently going to be not just to settle for a budget freeze—which is politically salable but leaves current spending priorities intact—but to go for the abolition of a dozen or so of the worst programs, things like rural electrification, urban action grants, small-business loans, and cross-country Amtrak routes. This approach is politically braver than the across-the-board strategy, but if successful its effects will be much more permanent.

☐ Geraldine Ferraro called the House Ethics Committee report on her financial nondisclosures a "complete vindication." It was, if "vindication" is what you slap on picket fences to make them white. The committee found that the Democratic vice presidential candidate had "improperly . . . fail[ed] to disclose her husband's financial interests," which she indeed used to cover expenses (the committee cited her home, her vacation houses, and her children's education). That's what the *Washington Times* and all those other lonely and much-derided newspapers that pursued the story said. But, the committee concluded, her failures stemmed from "error, oversight, and misinterpretation." Besides, she "has not admitted that she should have disclosed [the] information" in the first place. So, she broke the law, but she didn't mean to, and anyway she didn't think she needed to obey it. Guess you can't expect a little homemaker and congresswoman to understand tough legal boilerplate like "spouse" and "benefit." Why should she? Her colleagues don't.

☐ The Justice Department has now argued for the first time that a local jurisdiction—in the case at hand, Norfolk, Virginia—be allowed to end a racial busing program. In a friend-of-the-court brief filed in federal appeals court in Richmond, Assistant Attorney General Bradford Reynolds argued that an end to cross-city racial busing would lead to greater parental involvement in local schools and stop white flight to the suburbs. A lower court had sustained Norfolk's right to end the busing, and this decision had been appealed. The Reagan Administration has consistently opposed the extension of racial busing; now it has taken the position that an existing busing program can be terminated. Right stuff.

☐ In London, Mikhail Gorbachev lost no time making it clear that Moscow's principal goal in the forthcoming talks is to put an end to U.S. plans for a defense against ICBMs (see p. 17, "The War against Star Wars"). "Of key importance in all this is prevention of a space arms race," said Gorbachev. The theme is being picked up by Soviet diplomats, "cultural exchange" types, even youth cadres. The Soviets are batting .500 recently in these campaigns, winning on the neutron bomb, losing on the Pershing II. Be sure to keep a media scorecard as the Hive buzzes up.

☐ South Africa is to *60 Minutes*, surely, as a red flag is to a bull, a farmer's daughter to a traveling salesman, Charlie Brown to Lucy? Wrong. In the most surprising performance in many a Sunday night, *60 Minutes*' Morley Safer spent twenty minutes focusing on the strides the Afrikaner government of Prime Minister Botha has made in the past 15 years toward erasing petty apartheid. CBS's cameras panned integrated beaches, restaurants, stores, and factories. The script told of a million or more illegal black immigrants drawn to the better wages, better living and working conditions, and better educational opportunities in South Africa than in the impoverished, one-party black dictatorships they came from. It showed the

It Never Will Be Missed

With Education vacant,
The NEA may weep,
But I would get it to a vet
And put the thing to sleep.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

TOP REPUBLICAN BRASS, starting with President Reagan, and including House leaders Bob Michel (Minority Leader) and Trent Lott (Whip), and the party's chief technocrat, National Republican Committee Chairman Frank Fahrenkopf, are feverishly trying to suture a bloody wound in the Republican House delegation, deeper and more painful than had at first appeared.

Two right wings are facing off: Old Rightists—led by the self-styled "nineteenth-century liberal" and just resigned head of the American Conservative Union (ACU) Mickey Edwards (Okla.)—and populists—led by the famed Tip O'Neill-baiter Newt Gingrich (Ga.). Edwards has publicly chastised the populists for inadequate political strategy.

Edwards has three specific beefs concerning the populists. First, he says, they are too interested in "showmanship," as in their use of after-hours C-Span cable TV to lambaste the Democrats before an empty House chamber. Second, and more valid, is Edwards's criticism that the populists ignore nuts-and-bolts groundwork, bypassing grassroots appeals and organizing. They try to nationalize politics even on the local level (e.g., urging that votes be cast for the Republican nominee for sheriff because he's a Reaganite who favors a flat tax). Edwards also rejects the brassy tactics used by the populists, arguing that "real revolutions are not won with bugles, but with legislative achievement." Gingrich defends his methods, pointing out that the old conservative policy "of going along to get along has been singularly unproductive" for conservative ideology. Aggressiveness and cunning are the weapons conservatives need today to quell the liberal House horde, says Gingrich.

Republican chieftains want both sides to cool it, and to take note of how similar they are not only in beliefs and values, but in voting. Edwards's 1983 ACU rating of 95 is higher than that of most populists, e.g., Gingrich (91), Jack Kemp (91), and Vin Weber (83). And, although gung-ho populist conservatives love to hit him hard, traditionalist Bob Michel had an 81 ACU score in 1983, and an 86 rating over his 18-year career—exactly the same cumulative grade recorded by Gingrich for his six years in Congress.

Paul Kirk has the Democratic National Committee chairmanship all but sewn up, a job that is becoming particularly noted by reason of the number of candidates who turned it down. The respected governor of Utah, Scott Matheson, a front-runner six weeks ago, fell out of the running because he and the state chairmen meeting in the Virgin Islands did not hit it off. Matheson, a Democrat in a virtual one-party Republican state, was thought to be an excellent prospect, but the party libs found him "boring," which translates, of course, as too conservative.

Another dropout was Neil Goldschmidt, ex-mayor of Portland, Oregon, and Transportation Secretary under Jimmy Carter. Goldschmidt jumped into the pool in late November, and then quickly sobered up after realizing that a couple of years of lending a sympathetic ear to feminoids (Washington's latest and ugliest neologism), gays, and militant unionists might not be good for his political future. Secretly, we hear, Goldschmidt plans to run for governor of Oregon, possibly in 1986. The Republican incumbent is Vic Atiyeh, who won a landslide reelection in 1982.

So Kirk gets the job by default, but he's no slouch. An ex-aide to Teddy Kennedy, he is a proud liberal but a pragmatic one, who sees the necessity of reaching out to Southerners and broadening the party's white base (an average of only 38 per cent of whites voted Democratic in the past three presidential elections). Currently, Kirk is DNC treasurer, which means that he should be able to improve Demo fundraising, now at a standstill. One twist to Kirk is that he has helped to puncture the Camelot spell. In 1976, 1980, and 1984, Kirk lobbied his boss, Teddy, not to run for President.

The DNC job is critical because whoever gets it will have the most say in who heads the commission that will write the 1988 rules for Democratic delegate selection—the new Hunt or McGovern Commission, in other words. If the Democrats don't scrap their present rules—specifically, quotas for all manner of special interests—they won't be able to nominate an electable candidate. Unlike a Southern conservative (like Bert Lance) or a Western centrist (like Goldschmidt or Matheson), Kirk can tell the gays and militants to take a walk, on the same principle by which the anti-Communist Richard Nixon was able to penetrate Communist China, i.e., by being in a position to calm the anger of the spear-carriers and the ideologues. Classy, well-entrenched in Washington, and respected for his integrity, Kirk will be a Democratic force for Republicans to watch closely. —CATO

recently enfranchised South Africans of Asian and mixed (Colored) descent in their new parliamentary roles. While it pointed out that the semi-autonomous black tribal homelands are mostly on forlorn, unfertile land, it added that South Africa spends millions of dollars every year in its efforts to make the inhabitants of these homelands, and its black population at large, better educated, more self-sufficient. That roar you hear in the background is liberal outrage.

☐ The United States' upcoming departure from UNESCO will not be an unmixed boon. UNESCO does a few worthy things, chiefly preserving cultural sites, and our exit will leave it entirely under the control of the Third World/Soviet bloc. On the other hand, it's almost entirely under their control already; we pay 25 cents of every misspent UNESCO dollar, and the Paris headquarters has been splurging like an *haut monde* animal house. UNESCO's fatal, hubristic step was to endorse Third World censorship of Western media. Well, that tore it. Imagine—Yemen, flouting the First Amendment. We warned them, they didn't mend their ways; now it's time to execute our threat. There can be nothing cleaner than the air you breathe after walking out of a sty.

☐ Under the frigid exterior of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, does there beat the warm heart of a patriot?

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The thesis has been around since Jaruzelski crushed Solidarity, to wit: He did it to prevent the hated Russians from doing it first. This month Flora Lewis, on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, and Michael Kaufman, in *The New York Times Magazine*, have both pushed the idea. All very interesting, even plausible. Just because Communism is brutal does not mean all Communists start off as brutes. Thousands of people have joined the Party for idealistic, patriotic, and other motives. But as Whittaker Chambers, who was one such, wrote, there comes a time when you hear the screams. You listen and drop out—or go on. Jaruzelski has been living with screams for some time. He fought in the Red Army in World War II, and he became Minister of Defense in 1968. In breaking Solidarity, he did the Soviets' bidding, and saved them a great deal of trouble. The general was reportedly offended when Caspar Weinberger called him "a Russian in a Polish uniform." Weinberger should have said, "a Pole in a Russian uniform"—a uniform he has willingly worn, first in fact and later in spirit, all his adult life.

☐ When Luis Torres Torres was found dead recently in a wrecked car, Mexican police said he had died of a massive heart attack. His family said that was nonsense. And so it was. Somewhat closer investigation showed that Torres had four bullet wounds in his chest, and that all the tires on his car had been shot out. Torres, it seems useful to add, was the Interpol agent whose evidence led to the indictment of 12 or more members of the Mexican City Police Force—headed then by Arturo Durazo—on multiple charges of kidnapping, extortion, and murder (see "Fourteen Murdered Men Haunt El Jefe," *NR*, Oct. 5). Durazo is still in jail in San Diego awaiting extradition to Mexico.

☐ Is Gary Kasparov, the young Soviet chess whiz, throwing his championship match against countryman Anatoly Karpov? Has he been ordered to? The question has been haunting the chess world, and has been discussed in *The Times* of London and *New York* magazine. It arose because Karpov, the incumbent champion, though a redoubtable player, has no zip, while the 21-year-old Kasparov is thought to be the hottest thing since Bobby Fischer. The motive: Karpov is a devout Party-liner, who has in the past dedicated chess victories to Leonid Brezhnev; Kasparov is half Jewish (his mother changed his last name from Weinstein in order to shield him from Soviet bigotry, apparently without success). The Soviets have been known to lean on other Jewish players. Kasparov has lost or drawn a string of passive, lackluster games. "I wouldn't offer draws in such positions," commented one Argentine grand master, "and I'm 75 years old" —or, as they punctuate it in chess columns, !?

☐ The navy has introduced a new class of minesweepers, which have wood and fiber-glass hulls, cost $100 million each, and only go backward. The navy would prefer them to go forward, mind, but the propellers refused to cooperate owing to a slight design problem in a reduction gear. So now it wants to spend millions more "correcting" the problem, when it would be so much easier and cheaper to install rearview mirrors, or to put the propeller at the other end.

☐ We reported last issue the trouble that federal bureaucrats went to to integrate white mannequins and black mannequins aboard a Boeing 720 that was to be crashed for a test. And a picture-perfect crash it was. Regrettably, one thing the bureaucrats were testing was an expensive "anti-misting" agent that was supposed to keep the 12,000 gallons of jet fuel aboard from becoming a fireball. A picture-perfect fireball it was, whereupon all the mannequins immediately reverted to an unpluralistic black. Nothing daunted, the bureaucrats called the test inconclusive and plan to order the airlines to use the fireball agent.

☐ Soviet divers think they have found the missing Crimean village of Akra, submerged in the Black Sea. "Historic manuscripts" mention Akra, but no trace of it had ever been found, save a few coins along the shore. But the divers have now located a tower, a defense wall, a harbor, and numerous artifacts. Soviet scientists "surmised" that the village "might have become submerged, like the mythical Atlantis," TASS reports. Nonsense. It obviously drowned trying to escape.

☐ *Kirkus Reviews* has long been an intellectual scandal. It is essentially a trade journal for librarians, providing capsule reviews of current books. Its mentality is mainstream 1930s Left, and it routinely mugs any book to the right of George McGovern. These observations are prompted by its treatment of *Poisoned Ivy*, by Benjamin Hart, reviewed in *NR* by Joseph Sobran (Dec. 14). Kirkus finds it "sophomoric . . .

Be It Resolved

That Robert Dole, whose ready wit
May keep things jolly for a bit,
And Robert Packwood, known to be
In love with ruling by decree,
Shall not, although they push and pull
Their revenue-enhancement bull,
Compel the President to hedge
His "over my dead body" pledge.

W. H. von Dreele

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nostalgia," a "ho-hummish" account of liberal depredations, and a celebration of "young Catholic reactionaries" and "virginal dates" that "fizzles." The *Library Journal*, another such trade journal, delivers more of the same. Outside the librarians' fever swamps, the book has received favorable treatment—not only in *NR*, but in the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and *Newsday*. *Question:* What is the difference between a redneck and a *Kirkus/Library Journal* reviewer? *Answer:* The redneck wants to remove certain books from library shelves. The library reviewer wants them never to get there in the first place.

☐ The latest issue of *Life* magazine recalls Berkeley and the Bay Area, 25 years ago, "Where the '60s Were Born." Anti-Vietnam protestors, rock groups, Black Panthers, proto-feminists, all pass in a then-and-now review of original press photos and shots of anniversary reunions, to which *Life* has appended the appropriate text: "defiant slogans demanding peace and freedom . . . horrified the older generation . . . drug references . . . raised consciousness . . . needled authority and ridiculed the staid . . ." But something was missing. What could it be? Yes—photos of old issues of *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, all the staid authorities that puffed these characters as the second Renaissance. We can even write the copy: "new journalism . . . irreverent looks at fresh subjects . . . defied the prejudices of subscribers . . ." Put it on the idea board for the 25th anniversary.

☐ Four years ago, the Heritage Foundation in Washington published a thousand-page report listing an agenda of some two thousand policy items for the incoming Reagan Administration. The presentation was analytical and detailed, and the exercise was not platonic. Sixty per cent of the recommendations have been acted upon. Volume II is now in hand, *Mandate for Leadership: Continuing the Conservative Revolution*. The recommendations are down to a mere 1,300. The volume also contains a detailed assessment of the Administration's performance over the last four years. Indispensable. Make sure Dole gets a copy. The Foundation is at 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, and the price is $14.95.

☐ Hawaiians have overwhelmingly voted the humuhumunukunukuapuaa, or humuhumu-nukunuku-apua'a, a brightly colored trigger-fish much beloved of word-puzzlers, the state fish, and about time. Now let's hear from South Dakota.

☐ First-class postal rates are scheduled to rise from the three cents per ounce of recent memory to 22 cents per ounce, which increase is necessary to install new springs in the stagecoaches.

☐ The "world's most expensive choir" has assembled, 38 strong, including Duran Duran, Boy George, Wham!, Bono of U2, Bananarama, Sting of the Police, Spandau Ballet, Heaven 17, Style Council, and Ultravox, and if you can make any sense of all that you'll know why it is so expensive to cut a record to aid victims of Ethiopia's famine, and a lovely gesture it is.

The War against Star Wars

THE CAMPAIGN against strategic defense is heating up, and by the time President Reagan is inaugurated, the crockpot of opposition will be furiously boiling. A spectrum-spanning panoply of forces stands opposed to America's defending itself against megadeath:

The Kremlin. Of course. The Soviet leadership is absolutely livid about the notion of weapons based in space or anywhere else with the capability of shooting down ICBMs. First, because such a system would cause billions of rubles' worth of offensive weapons instantly to obsolesce. Second, because it would nullify Moscow's most potent *political* weapon: the superpower status accorded it solely by virtue of its nuclear arsenal. Third, because it threatens to push the superpower competition into an arena where the USSR is sure to lose: that of high technology. No wonder Politburo member Mikhail Gorbachev made strategic defense the top agenda item in his meeting with Margaret Thatcher.

The arms-control faithful. Surprise. Whatever its vices, this group can never be charged with inconsistency. It has consistently opposed both strategic modernization and strategic defense, believing religiously that a pact of mutual suicide between the superpowers is the surest guarantee against nuclear war. Nuclear weapons are evil, but a necessary evil; defending against nuclear weapons is evil, but unnecessary, and therefore more evil. This group, moreover, consistently displays an innocent trust in the most banal pronouncements on peace issuing from the Kremlin, while invariably distrusting its own government.

The budget cutters. From OMB to Treasury. Even non-controversial weapons programs with well-established constituencies will find the going rough in the forthcoming budget battles. The Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) will be left in tatters unless defended to the hilt by the White House. The deficit will be invoked, not without hypocrisy, by every congressman and his brother who oppose SDI, though its current price tag is rather low, consisting only of research money.

Our stalwart allies. Margaret Thatcher and François Mitterrand have both proclaimed their opposition to a new arms race in space, by which they perhaps mean that if the U.S. joins in, the ongoing Soviet effort will

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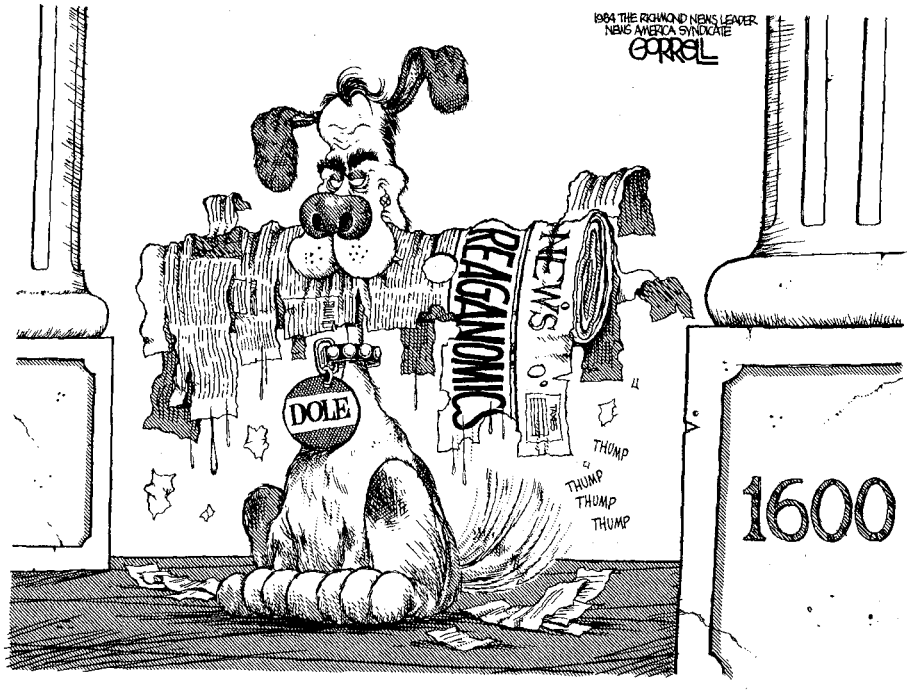
become a race. Europeans tend to oppose anything that might get Soviet dander up, regardless of merit. They are probably also concerned that a strategic-defense umbrella over the United States would mean the end of the U.S. nuclear umbrella on which their security has been founded for nearly forty years.

The Pentagon. Et tu, Brute? Certain officers in the Department of Defense strongly favor SDI, but the traditional military services know that every dollar that goes to strategic defense is likely to come out of their own, tight budgets. SDI has no natural niche in the existing roles and missions of the military, which sees the program as a budgetary competitor to more tanks, airplanes, and ships.



Against such formidable opposition the President can prevail only by tenaciously advancing the original, threefold logic of the Strategic Defense Initiative. 1) It is undeniably moral to invest in purely defensive weapons. 2) A new order must replace the madness of the present nuclear standoff. 3) If strategic defense is possible—as growing numbers of scientists believe—the United States simply must have the answer before its sworn enemies do. The simplicity and elegance of these arguments are powerful enough to arouse the only natural constituency of strategic defense: the American people.

Creeping Doleism

OVER THE YEARS, the task of "moderate," "liberal," "pragmatic," etc. Republicans has been the preservation of the Democratic agenda during those periods when the Democrats were temporarily too weak to manage it alone. The voters have chosen Republicans in four of the last five presidential elections. In between these spasms, the federal establishment has successfully protected its powers and privileges, with the indispensable help of responsible—moderate/liberal/pragmatic/statesmanlike—Republicans.

That is the inner meaning of high concern about "the deficit," that term having become a political code word.

Of course the deficit is a problem, but the important thing is just where in a sequence of problems you mention it. If the deficit is problem number one, then you "enhance revenue," i.e., you raise taxes. In other words, you protect as much of current federal spending as you possibly can. If you are a Republican and you adopt this tactic, the media will say that you have "grown." There are rhetorical flourishes with which you can adorn this enterprise. "Compassion" has worn a little thin lately; even the hicks put their money in the mattress these days when politicians begin talking about "compassion." But it is effective to claim that federal subsidies for the "middle class" are politically untouchable.

This position has received its fullest and frankest articulation in the recent writings of, for example, George Will and Irving Kristol. "In two elections," Mr. Will wrote recently, "Reagan has not sought a mandate for anything more than marginal adjustments of the welfare state. Could it be he knows something [Representative Newt] Gingrich does not know—that the voters have got approximately what they want? . . . Today's government was built by both parties, in conformity with their professional reading of the desires of the middle class." Irving Kristol has somewhat similarly called for conservative acceptance of the "welfare state."

But is it really so clear that the middle class or the voters at large desire a federal program that piles up thousands of tons of cheese in federal warehouses, an accumulation that is apparently to go on world without end forevermore? Do the voters really desire to go on forever subsidizing the tobacco crop in South Carolina? Subsidizing milk? Should the Federal Government be subsidizing hot lunches in the schools? Food for pregnant women? Do the voters even know what they are paying for? Do they know that ski instructors at Stowe and Vail go on vacation when the snow melts and live on unemployment benefits? Is it so surprising that medical costs have skyrocketed since the Federal Government began subsidizing them? Or that the same is true of the cost of education at all levels?

"The voters have got approximately what they want," thinks Mr. Will. The voters have got approxi-

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mately what the equation of political power inside the Washington, D.C., Beltway has delivered to them, i.e., an assortment of federal programs the mere listing of which fills a volume the size of a telephone directory. The voters have not got "what they want." Very few of them realize what they have got, even though they are paying for it.

Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan has now submitted to the President a plan that would involve sharp cuts in farm subsidies, veterans' programs, Civil Service retirement programs, student aid, Medicare, and other programs. Many items would be eliminated entirely.

We shall see. The "responsible," "independent," "moderate," "pragmatic," "statesmanlike," etc. Republicans allied with the new Majority Leader are in the business of protecting things as they are inside the Beltway. If Reagan cannot change much of this, perhaps we need Robespierre.

Prolegomena to Any Future Pope-Shooting

A CURIOUS THING has happened to the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II: It has ceased to exist.

Review the situation up to this point: Three and a half years ago, the Pope was shot and almost killed in St. Peter's Square, in full view of hundreds of people, by a gunman who turned out to be a Turkish thug. Months pass. The Turk, who had at first insisted that he acted alone, starts to change his tune. There were collaborators; he names names. They include two low-level staff members of the Bulgarian Embassy in Rome, and an employee of the Bulgarian airline, also in Rome. The assassin, it turns out, was recruited in Sofia. The story becomes the subject of a meticulous investigation by an Italian magistrate who concludes, in a thousand-plus-page report, that there is sufficient evidence for a retrial. The Bulgarians are indicted.

This much is admitted; it appeared on page one of the *New York Times*, at least, which is as close to guaranteed public reality as things get. But precisely here, where the story becomes most interesting, it begins to evanesce. Bulgaria—that free-wheeling, Wild West country, where people can be jailed for misusing copying machines, where punk rock and Bibles are banned—do the citizens of Bulgaria casually plot international assassinations? Does the Bulgarian government? Does a sparrow fall in Sofia without the Kremlin's knowledge?

The answers to these questions, of course, are no, no, and no. They go unanswered, because they would lead ineluctably to the question that is, literally, unthinkable: What kind of nation connives in such things? What kind of system, however threatened—John Paul had warned that if Poland were invaded, he would return home—sends hit squads out after the Pope? The Ghibellines, who were tough customers, didn't do it. Napoleon, who browbeat a pope and kept him under house arrest, didn't do it. Could it be an evil empire?

The justification for rejecting these conclusions (curiously, we may discuss the grounds of the taboo, though not the tabooed subject) is that since we *must* deal with the Soviets, there is no point in raising awkward matters. Even if they are true. Which amounts to saying that, since we must deal with the Soviets, we must not understand whom we are dealing with.

If a gun goes off in St. Peter's Square and nobody listens, does it make a sound?

Baker, Darman, and Deaver

Their sleeves aren't leg o' mutton,
  Nor do they prance on steeds.
They're more at home with Hutton
  Than doing daring deeds.
They never wench or wager
  Or swing from chandeliers,
But their effect's as major
  As Louis's musketeers'.

W. H. VON DREELE

We Shall Overcome, Alas

THE CURRENT PROTESTS at the South African embassy and consulate have become the hottest social event since Leonard Bernstein's Panther party. Several dozen congressmen, Kennedys, and comedians have been arrested for sitting in illegally at these diplomatic outposts. Even—gasp!—George Wallace has sent a message of support to the demonstrators. The President has added his voice to the denunciations of apartheid, although, to be sure, praising South Africa's "constructive changes" of recent years; and 35 conservative Republican congressmen have sent an uppity letter to the South African ambassador, Bernardus Fourie.

Nobody wants to defend apartheid, an unpleasant system at best. But before we make the current fashion in deprecation unanimous, we should consider why the protest has suddenly become so timely.

First, it is safe. Nobody in American politics would dare say a good word for any form of racial discrimination. Liberalism has nearly run out of easy targets. Second, and closely related, this is a good occasion to try to repair the badly ruptured black-Jewish alliance, which has found itself united against Ronald Reagan and not much else. Finally, of course, Bishop Desmond Tutu has just been awarded the Nobel Prize. That he

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has been free to collect it—unlike, say, Boris Pasternak, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Lech Walesa, and Andrei Sakharov—cuts no ice with the Progressive Forces.

How sincere is the protest? Very. Demands for the instantaneous reform of other people in faraway places are always sincere.

The South African regime can be pardoned for rejecting American counsel, seeing its results elsewhere in Africa; e.g., Rhodesia. Nobody should allow himself to be bullied into irreversible and probably disastrous changes. Black self-rule, so far, usually winds up producing no freedom, no democracy, and no food. Before we pressure South Africa into exchanging imperfection for chaos, we should ask ourselves whether we really want to feed it.

I'm Khomeini, Fly Me

IRAN HAS STRUCK again, in the hijacking of the Kuwaiti airliner and the murder of two American passengers. There is strong circumstantial reason for suspecting that the Iranians were behind the operation. The hijackers demanded the release of Shiite Iraqi rebels—enemies of Iran's enemy. They were supposedly disarmed—bloodlessly—by three Iranians, disguised as a clean-up crew. (Since the hijackers had allegedly announced their intention of blowing up the plane, it's hard to imagine why they would need last-minute janitors.) An almost identical ruse had been employed by the Israelis in overwhelming a band of hijackers a decade ago. It is highly unlikely that serious terrorists would be fooled by a second try. Wooden horses, anyone?

Whoever planned it, the perpetrators are not visibly suffering. The Iranians whisked the hijackers away, whereafter they disappeared from sight. When in the last five years has Iranian justice been so discreet?

Iran has rebuffed all suggestions that it extradite the criminals. "Iran explains nothing to anyone but God," Prime Minister Mir Hussein Moussavi added, for good measure. God will hear it all, to be sure. Until then, the holy-man hijackers should be treated like the pirates they are. The Teheran airport could be declared off limits by all civilized carriers. For starters.

Bhopal Is for Lawyers

WHEN DISASTER strikes far away in the Third World, the French send doctors. The Swedes send food packages. We send lawyers.

" 'Get Union Carbide' is the slogan," announced tort lawyer John P. Cole of Washington when he arrived in Bhopal. It happened that Mother Teresa arrived on the same plane with the American contingency-fee boys. The contrast between the diminutive nun and the swaggering tortsmen did not go unnoticed. "Forgive, forgive," said the winner of the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize. "I just ask everyone to forgive." That sort of attitude doesn't cut much ice on the litigation circuit.

After visiting the maimed and bereaved, Mother Teresa expressed her grief at the suffering, but then added: "One beautiful thing. It has brought out the best in everybody." Well, perhaps not quite everybody. Take Mr. Cole, the lawyer. When asked whether some might not see him as an ambulance chaser, he replied, "I don't care what they say. If I come in from the airport and two days later have seven thousand clients, that's the greatest ambulance chase in history."

But why blame the lawyers? They just came along for the ride. It is the judges and legislators who have turned liability law into an instrument of plunder instead of restitution. The prospective lynching of the Union Carbide Corporation is merely the logical culmination of a process that has been going on for years.

First the idea of negligence was replaced with the far more costly standard of "strict liability." Under this standard, Union Carbide loses even if the leak turns out to have resulted from employee malfeasance or separatist sabotage.

Then the judges decided that a company can be on the hook for the misdeeds of another company of which it owns a piece. Union Carbide owns only half of its Indian affiliate; the other half is held by Indian nationals. These other investors, of course, are not being sued by the contingency-fee crowd.

Union Carbide, incidentally, is under attack for letting its Indian managers go unsupervised. But although the authorities allowed Union Carbide to keep nominal 51 per cent control, American experts quoted in the *Times* say that "majority ownership did not imply control." In fact, the law of the land was specifically aimed at discouraging the sort of oversight that was needed. We have all heard the rhetoric about the evils of a branch-plant economy, about how hometown decisions are made by faraway executives. The Bhopal plant avoided all that. It was designed in India and staffed entirely by Indians, both of which procedures were legally obligatory unless Union Carbide could demonstrate to the satisfaction of Indian authorities that local resources were unavailable. Safety planning "was *by law* largely in the hands of the subsidiary's Indian staff," the *Times* says (italics added). Domestic content has its price.

The crowning touch is the fact that our judges are now being invited to export the liability system they have created, by entertaining Bhopal suits in American courts even though Indian judicial (and legislative) remedies are available. This may involve our intrepid jurists in gathering depositions delivered in Hindi, interpreting Indian law, and so forth. No one is pretending that these suits derive from any sort of symmetrical view of international law. Suppose

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an Air-India jet crashed into your house tomorrow; would they tell you to go sue in Madhya Pradesh for Indian standards of compensation? And if not—if we are to hear their cases but they not hear ours—we will have achieved the ultimate in imperialism: applying the U.S. legal system to the rest of the world.

Latin America Watch

MEXICO AND Cuba have signed a $90-million trade agreement. The pact will increase trade between the two countries by 384 per cent. . . . *Jane's Defense Weekly* reports there are now 31,000 Cuban troops in Angola, up six thousand from a year ago. . . . Colombian guerrillas are now fighting alongside Sandinista troops in Nicaragua. . . . Peru's Shining Path guerrillas have set up Maoist governmental structures in the provinces they control. They claim to have suspended the use of money, redistributed land, and set up "people's committees" to govern. . . . The Sandinista quotation of the week is from Comandante Carlos Nuñez: "It is not realistic to think that Nicaragua can suddenly overcome all of its serious problems and be like Cuba."

Here It Comes (Duck!)

THE CAPRICIOUS weather that struck Russia after the Bolshevik *Putsch* of 1917 will continue, and for the 68th consecutive year the former breadbasket of Europe will suffer harvest failures.

The cow that ate Byron Harding's pawpaw tree 16 years ago will be apprehended, thanks to the patient and meticulous work of several hundred policemen working in shifts in outrigger canoes, and will be sent to the United Nations as a delegate-at-large.

T. Boone Pickens and a few pals, bankrolled by Drexel Burnham junk bonds, will make a bid for outright purchase of the Soviet Union, figuring, as in the case of many an oil company, that its breakup value exceeds its price as a going concern.

Federal spending will be frozen. "Frozen," in this context, will be defined as a term of art, referencing a zero-base profile-ratio growth double-indexated for positive inflation but subsidiarized through no-fault regression of least squares to comprehend flagged coordinates under minimalist conditions, stockmanized for instant crosscut. In short, the budget will double, but Congress will call it flat.

Taxes will definitely be reduced. "Taxes," as you are by now likely to suspect, is a term of art, which will be defined as that part of the national income not used by the Federal Government.

The "flat tax" will be discussed in varying terms, all of them sloped.

The Soviets will establish five armed divisions in Central America, and the World Court will find Washington guilty of aggression.

While millions of black Africans starve, a clique of black Americans will continue to vilify the one African nation that sends food to its neighbors.

The Soviets will send a few hundred thousand more troops to Afghanistan and step up the germ warfare, while complaining that the native women and children don't fight fair.

Tip O'Neill will continue to sashay around town in his 19-foot Caddy, smoke elegant cigars, drink the best hooch, and play lousy golf at the lovely Burning Tree—compassionately, of course.

On the cultural scene, nothing will happen, Hollywood having exhausted itself making one good movie already this decade. Same authors, books, reviewers, pianists, programs, baseball scores, hat tricks, canvases, bronze globs, deadspace edifices . . . and yet, here's to it, another year, another chance, another beer, another dance, another long silent prayer for this chaos called humankind.

Now aim this muthuh at the North Star and floorboard it!

—WFR

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Anyone can easily predict the outcome of the war in the Middle East; Iran's always caught between Iraq and a hard place. Right?

Regards,
G. P. Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Our readers, and our librarians in particular, may be interested in a slight change in our year-end schedule this year. This issue is our Christmas issue, but although it will appear during Christmas week it is dated January 11, 1985. We will be skipping the issue that would have gone to bed on January 3, and will resume with Volume XXXVII No. 2 dated February 8, 1985.

☐ To the Editor:

Forrest Grove's list of "Gentleman's Light-Bulb Jokes" [*NR*, Sept. 21] was quite good and once again gave proof that conservatives are better able to mix humor with politics than are their somber opponents on the left. It is the deadly serious pursuit of politics that poses a threat to us all. However, I would like to suggest an alternative reply to the question: "How many libertarians does it take to change a light bulb?"

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Libertarians do not change light bulbs. They just sit in the dark and wait for the invisible hand to take care of it for them.

Sincerely,
Philip E. Atterly
University of North Carolina
Asheville, N.C.

☐ Dear Bill:

Joe Sobran, in his September 7 book review, has touched upon what seems to me one of the most important, though seldom emphasized, concepts in all Christian religion when he writes, "Some people are denied the gift of faith; many others return it unopened." Of course the end result for both groups is the same. But there is an important distinction to be made.

Jesus knew His message came across to relatively few. In Matthew 13:11 He tells His disciples that He speaks in parables, "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given." Similar passages of the exclusivity of His audience are recorded in all four Gospels: Luke 8:10; John 6:65; and Mark 4:11. The operative point here is that faith is "given," that is to say it is a gift from God that not everybody possesses. The sad reality is not that faith comes so parsimoniously from on high, but that there are endless multitudes of people out there who have the gift of faith and will not allow it to become functional. It is this category of lost souls that the cloth is forever legitimately chasing.

Which brings me to international relations. Ring it out loud and clear that the Kremlin is not occupied by lost souls in this latter category. It is not occupied by unwitting folks who have returned the gift of God unopened and whom the liberal cast of mind might therefore woo with warmth and kindness because of our common humanity. Not so. The Kremlin is strictly the party of the first part, coldly devoid of the gift of faith, totally deaf and immune to the grand example of the life and death of Jesus Christ. So, the message for us should be crystal clear: Carry on, Sergeant-Major! For the love of God, *continuez dans le même esprit!*

Sincerely,
James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ To the Editor:

In a recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, a reader takes Mr. Buckley to task for using the phrase "a number of," calling it strictly meaningless. It is the critic himself who is at fault for not knowing an idiom when he sees one. As far back as 1380, Wyclif wrote: "In the Church above in heaven is a number of great saints." Bacon in 1626 says that water lilies have roots in the ground "and so do a number of other herbs that grow in ponds." The phrase has the clear meaning of *several*, a word that in our day tends to sound formal —hence the frequent and unambiguous recourse to "a number of."

To require logic of an idiom is waste of time—the critic might as well have said that "a good number" is a foolish expression because numbers are neither good nor bad. Yet "a number of" is not entirely unexplainable. It clearly implies that the thing described is not absent or even unique: a number*ing* is possible. Note that the adjective *numerous*, which is literally the same as "a number of," goes idiomatically in the other direction and means "a great many."

Jacques Barzun
New York, N.Y.

☐ Dear Bill:

A footnote on the etymology of "kakistocracy": Robert Musil, in his pre-war novel *The Man without Qualities*, used the name "Kakania" to refer to Austria-Hungary. Says Peter Drucker: "While 'Kakania' derived from the official initials of the old Austria-Hungary, 'K&K' (Kaiserlich and Koeniglich, or Imperial and Royal), 'kaka' is also Austrian babytalk for human feces." Musil is largely forgotten today, although a character based in part on him turned up in Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers*.

Best always,
Terry Teachout
Urbana, Ill.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

About that $460,000 per year subscription rate for Pentagon employees. Would you take a check?

Sincerely,
Lawrence Beyer
Contract Negotiator
Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio

Dear Mr. Beyer: Sure, that or an F-16, or a round trip to the moon, maybe? Cordially, **—WFB**

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THE POLITICS OF TAX REFORM

WASHINGTON'S post-election somnolence has been pierced by the Teheran hostage atrocity, the Shultz-Weinberger controversy, and David Stockman's budget slashings ($34 billion on the domestic side). Dwarfing all else on the Washington scene, however, in both interest and political contentiousness, is Donald Regan's revolutionary tax-reform plan. The battle is expected to be fierce, with lots of political capital riding on it.

Four out of five Americans believe that the present tax system is unfair, as IRS Commissioner Roscoe Egger stresses, and tax cheating is very prevalent. Regan's reform seeks to simplify the mind-boggling tricky-track of the tax code. The code's existing 14 income-tax brackets are cut to three (15 per cent, 25 per cent, and 35 per cent), personal deductions doubled (to $2,000), mortgage-interest payments on second homes and state and local taxes rendered nondeductible. Business is squawking loudest: The Accelerated Cost Recovery System (ACRS)—which both Reagan and Regan fought so hard for in 1981—and the investment tax credit are drastically revamped, and not in business's favor. However, says Secretary Regan, instead of shooting from the hip at the reform, the business community should do its computer scans and runouts on the numbers and see what comes up. These results will go a long way toward allaying fears, he believes. And Secretary Regan stresses that the plan cuts the corporate tax rate from 46 per cent to 33 per cent, and that ought to count for something.

Oddly (and troublingly) many of the cheerleaders for Mr. Regan's tax reform are liberals. Ralph Nader and Alice Rivlin (formerly head of the Congressional Budget Office, now at the Brookings Institution) both endorse it, along with Brookings economist Joseph Pechman. Hobart Rowen of the *Washington Post* is positively ecstatic about the plan, calling it "gutsy" and "first-class," adding that he "takes off his hat to Don Regan."

Big business, presumptively Ronald Reagan's pet, finds the plan odious, with people like the chief economist of the National Association of Manufacturers lamenting its "negative impact on growth and employment," after a partial computer run-through of the reform's provisions. An insider at the Independent Petroleum Association, where some of the computer numbers have been worked up, tells me that "new drilling would be cut in half" if the plan goes into effect. Real-estate lobbyists in town have already stigmatized the Regan document as "anti-homeownership," and the Chamber of Commerce is equally negative.

Supporters of the reform are just as formidable: principally the young pro-growth enthusiasts of both parties on Capitol Hill. Democrats Bill Bradley and Dick Gephardt have their similar "fair tax." Republicans Jack Kemp and Bob Kasten are pushing *their* similar "flat-rate tax." All four are reasonably pleased with Regan's reform, although Kemp is worried about the "too high" 35 per cent top tax rate (versus his own single 25 per cent rate) and the evisceration of the ACRS. Treasury's strategy is to amalgamate all three plans into a single document, place it lovingly on a satin pillow, walk it over to the White House, and let Ronald Reagan take it from there.

The President may or may not go along. After he finally got around to reading the plan, Mr. Reagan pronounced it "the best" reform that had been conceived in his "lifetime." Mr. Reagan's staff, who will doubtless influence him, have disparate reactions: Jim Baker is treating the reform cautiously, waiting to see which way the chips fall; Ed Meese got on board early but, after the special interests talked to him, reportedly has one leg back in the water. David Stockman views the reform pretty much as Bob Dole and the new chairman of the Finance Committee, Bob Packwood, do, i.e., as a low priority. Dole sees the 99th Congress's activity in budget and finance as a series of battles, with deficit reduction clearly number one. The reform has been widely touted as "revenue neutral" (in order to comport with Mr. Reagan's no-new-tax position), and Dole, Packwood, Pete Domenici, and other "traditionalist" Republicans don't see the point of enduring the grueling process of tax reform if it won't help with the deficit.

THE WISEST heads in town are saying that if the reform does not go forward in tandem with deficit reduction, kiss it good-bye. "The secret is to link the two efforts, by using the linchpin of 'revenue enhancement,'" notes a Reaganite congressman. "That can be done without sacrificing the reform's tax neutrality. And that's a better way of describing the reform—tax neutral, not revenue neutral."

Where will this new revenue come from? Liberal economists at the Citizens for Tax Justice project an increase of 2 to 3 per cent per year in U.S. economic growth, equal to one-half the annual deficit, thanks to the revamped investing habits that the reform will inspire among Americans. Meanwhile, economist John Makin at the American Enterprise Institute would give the plan an Incomplete on growth, but an A on resource re-allocation.

To judge how successful tax reform will be under Ronald Reagan, watch for the prominence that the President assigns to it in his State of the Union message. If Mr. Reagan puts reform and deficit shrinkage on the same level, and ties them together conceptually, you can conclude that he, like the bipartisan tax Turks on the Hill, believes that reform is an idea whose time at last has come. □

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LOOMING BUDGETARY WARS

I ONCE HEARD an Israeli economist say that left-wing economists are interested in quantities, right-wing economists in prices. This corresponds to the supply-side insight that quantities on the spending side of the budget are politically immovable objects, whereas intelligently designed tax changes are politically feasible and permit economies to grow around these immovable objects. Quantities are static. Qualitative change is dynamic. George Gilder and Warren Brookes make an analogous distinction: The wealth of nations resides not in matter but in minds.

Two or three months ago a Treasury supply-sider I know was distraught because in the bureaucratic battle over the Treasury tax proposal then being shaped, the advocates of static, quantitative analysis were winning. Any proposal would have to be "revenue neutral." Revenues lost by lowering tax rates would have to be offset by revenues captured elsewhere, that is by closing tax loopholes.

"Can't they see that lowering the top tax rate in and of itself closes loopholes by making them less effective?" I asked. (If you buy something and half its cost can be deducted from taxes, then the purchase, otherwise uneconomic, might well make sense. But what if only a quarter is deductible, as would be the case if the top tax rate were reduced to 25 per cent? At that point the diminished tax benefit would have to be weighed against the cost of the transaction itself.)

"That's *dynamic* analysis," said my man, expressing mock exasperation at my inability to grasp what is permitted and what is forbidden at Treasury.

The Treasury study is now public, it has been welcomed by President Reagan as "the best and most complete" that he has seen, and it is clear that the static statisticians won at least a partial victory. The top tax rate is cautiously lowered to 35 per cent—still too high—revealing Treasury's willingness to negotiate with itself: Its proposal ended up in many ways to the left of that offered by Senator Bradley and Representative Gephardt, Democrats. (Their suggested top tax rate is 30 per cent.) Most vestigial loopholes are formally closed by Treasury, with the exception of the mortgage-interest deduction on one house and charitable contributions above 2 per cent of adjusted gross income.

If the top tax rate had been lowered to the level recommended by Representative Kemp and Senator Kasten (25 per cent), and the vestigial loopholes left formally open, the Treasury proposal would have had a better chance of becoming law. It is possible, of course, that the Administration will recommend just such changes. But as things stand, the current loophole beneficiaries will work strenuously to preserve the status quo.

Of course, if the dynamic analysis is correct, and a low (25 per cent) rate in practice closes loopholes still formally open, then the economic outcome is the same as that achieved by closing them legally. In which case the upcoming political battle is likely to be severe, come what may, because (as Jude Wanniski put it in his Polyconomics newsletter) the "elite special interests" will perceive that "they're better off with high rates and loopholes that benefit themselves." Still, it no doubt makes more sense to fight undeclared wars in Washington.

One problem facing the Treasury plan is that high-tax states such as New York would for obvious reasons like to preserve the deductibility of state and local taxes. The *New York Times*, normally an advocate of loophole closing, made an exception in the case of this loophole, from which it benefits. (Connecticut, with no state income tax, is within moving distance, but it was nice at least to see the *Times* acknowledge the disincentive effect of high taxes.) The District of Columbia is another high-tax area, and here, after preserving an uncharacteristic silence for two weeks, the *Washington Post* bowed to good government and endorsed the Treasury plan (along with Ralph Nader and Citizens for Tax Justice). But I would have enjoyed overhearing their editorial debate. No doubt they concluded that the flight-to-Virginia problem could be dealt with as it arose.

Before the Storm

WHAT WILL happen? In the fall campaign Reagan perhaps imprudently said he would only raise taxes as a "last resort." First he would cut spending. Now we have an Administration plan to cut $34 billion from a trillion-dollar budget, thereby proposing (as Robert G. Kaiser ominously noted in the *Washington Post*) "to wipe out much of the non-defense government in Washington." This was followed by a strange silence—the quiet before the storm, no doubt.

If precedent is any guide, these spending cuts will not be enacted. Nor has the Administration helped in the slightest by offering to cut federal employees' salaries by 5 per cent. This should merely energize the entire federal bureaucracy against the budget plan. If, as is also possible, the tax-simplification proposal is picked to death by the special interests (with possible assistance from Bob Packwood of Oregon, the new chairman of the Senate Finance Committee), then the "last resort" will be upon us.

A cautious concentration on aggregates lies at the root of the problem. The attempt to secure the future by controlling quantities—and doesn't that remind us of arms control?—can only lead to greater planning and statism. With nuclear weapons the President has seen the supply-side solution—Star Wars. With the federal budget he is in danger of forgetting it. □

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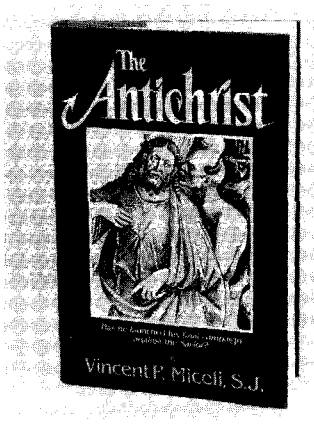
Respected Scholar Sees Ominous Signs

THE ANTICHRIST



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Two years later, to everyone's surprise, the obscure prelate became Pope John Paul II.

Perhaps providentially, just about then Fr. Vincent Miceli—spurred by another Pope's warning that "The smoke of Satan is seeping into the Church"—was writing the last chapters of his ominously titled 297-page volume. Satan we have always with us, Fr. Miceli reasoned. Even the Church has its Judases. But the more he sniffed, the more troubled Fr. Miceli felt. **He found damning evidence....**

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Archbishop Sheen Praises Fr. Miceli

The late Archbishop Fulton Sheen said of an earlier book by the author, "*The Gods of Atheism* by Fr. Miceli is as complete a study of atheism as exists in any language." Researching this book, Fr. Miceli spent six years in Rome—two teaching at Pope John Paul II's alma mater, the Angelicum—after a long tenure at Loyola in New Orleans. A popular lecturer, Fr. Miceli hosts his own TV-radio program, Drama of Truth. He has written for dozens of periodicals, from *The New York Times* to the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano*.

From the Foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge

"The havoc that has been made on the devil's behalf among Catholics and in their Church is so drastic and widespread as to leave an outsider like myself baffled and bewildered.... The examples given in this vein by Fr. Miceli are hair-raising, and it is greatly to his credit that he has the courage and integrity to cite them.... In war it is necessary, not just to have adequate forces for attack and defence, but also to study the enemy's past and present strategy and tactics. This is staff work, for which, in the everlasting Holy War against the Devil, *The Antichrist* is a masterly textbook.... I thank God that there are priests and teachers like Fr. Miceli to act as His intelligence officer."

A challenge to Church liberals (and maybe some conservatives too)

Fr. Miceli's lectures on the Antichrist provoked bitter reactions. One theology professor urged his students to boycott a lecture (though reading Hans Kung was mandatory). The Church, you see, is in the midst of a renewal, and Fr. Miceli's gloomy picture just doesn't square—because he dashes the renewal fantasy with fact after shattering fact. He forces readers to come to grips with corruption *wherever* it is found. But at the same time, Fr. Miceli disavows crude gloom and doom prophecy: "This book aims to develop a competent, successful, courageous, holy Resistance Movement."

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—John Henry Newman, *The Idea of a University*

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MISUNDERSTANDING REAGAN

As a journalist, I am sure I am not singular in being slightly schizophrenic about the press and, in general, the media. I believe, with some passion, in a free press, radio, and television; free, of course, from state interference or control. But I am appalled at the capacity of the free media to get things wrong or to mislead the public.

These reflections are prompted by the media treatment of the successful candidate in the recent U.S. presidential election. With a few honorable exceptions, the media presented Ronald Reagan as an amiable bumbler, a B-movie cowboy who ought to have stayed in Hollywood and, at that, a cowboy whose right hand had to be kept under constant watch in case he used it to shoot from the hip.

Moreover, an old confusion was given the widest possible currency: the confusion between braininess and intelligence. Contrary to prevailing belief, the two are not identical. They can even be antithetical. There are plenty of brainy people around who—if necessary by staying up all night—can master the details and intricacies of complex legislative proposals or of defense technologies. It does not follow that they have the intelligence to decide on appropriate policies or choose between alternative courses.

On the evidence of the Reagan/Carter, Reagan/Mondale TV debates, Reagan's opponents had an impressive capacity for assimilating facts; and a deplorable inability to distinguish between the forest and the trees.

For my part, I regard Ronald Reagan as a highly intelligent man, who understands that the function of the President is to choose and lead, not to memorize masses of data: He has experts for that purpose. In that respect, there is an interesting parallel between Reagan/Carter on the one hand and Home/Heath on the other.

Before and during Sir Alec Douglas-Home's brief premiership (1963-64), the British media had a lot of fun over his alleged ignorance of economics and tendency to count on his fingers. He was nevertheless an excellent foreign secretary and prime minister (while it lasted). Edward Heath (1970-74) was almost as disastrous a chief executive (almost, not quite) as Jimmy Carter. Yet Heath, too, had a formidable grasp of technical detail.

In one key respect, the performance of the media is central to the concerns of this column. I refer of course to the treatment of the Soviet threat. Again with honorable exceptions, the readiness of the media to ascribe bellicose intentions to the U.S. and its President, and to give the Soviets the benefit of every doubt, is notorious.

By and large, the perception that emerges from media treatment of Central American news is that the main area of concern is over possible American breaches of the peace. The fact that Cuba is an instrument of Soviet policy, and that the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua performs a similar role at one further remove, tends to get secondary and skeptical treatment.

More worrying still is the readiness, amounting almost to eagerness, of the Western media to give full credence to "peace" gestures from Moscow. Even the traditionally conservative London *Daily Telegraph*, in a curious editorial (November 8) on the President's victory, obliquely hinted that the problems in arms-control negotiations lay in Washington rather than in Moscow, and called for the replacement of Richard Perle as one of the Administration officials "who are antithetical to the very idea of arms control." (The newspaper was kind enough, I add, to print a letter of mine in which I defended Mr. Perle's realistic approach to the problem and pointed out that it was the Russians, not the Americans, who had walked out of the Geneva arms-control talks.)

What is lacking above all in most newspaper comment and television presentation is a sense of the continuity and long-term objectives of Soviet foreign policy. Thus newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic rushed to present the late Yuri Andropov as a "closet liberal": this of the man who had headed the KGB for 15 years and introduced that ultimate refinement of state coercion and punishment, the psychiatric "treatment" of dissidents!

Now it is Chernenko's turn. He is "ready to talk," or so they say. The good old days of détente may be just round the corner again. The prospects for East-West trade are said to be encouraging. Afghanistan? Well, we don't have to keep on bringing that one up, do we? The downing of the KAL airliner? Well, wasn't the CIA somehow to blame for that one? The Bulgarian connection in the plot to kill the Pope? Bringing it up is a social solecism, to say the least. Breaches of SALT II? Well, after all, it was the American side, was it not, that failed to ratify the treaty?

Does one have to say it, yet again? I fear so. "Peaceful coexistence," Mark I, was proposed by Lenin's Foreign Commissar, Chicherin, to describe the unfortunate interlude between the advent of the Bolshevik regime in 1917 and its extension to all other countries. "Peaceful coexistence," Mark II, was launched by Khrushchev and meant the "intensification of the international class struggle" by means short of general war. It is in this context that Soviet overtures can be seen for what they are—temporary tactical moves while the long-term strategic objectives stay intact.

I am (very mildly) sorry to go on about this, but I like to think that at least *NR* will continue to be one of the few exceptions to the rule, in media terms. □

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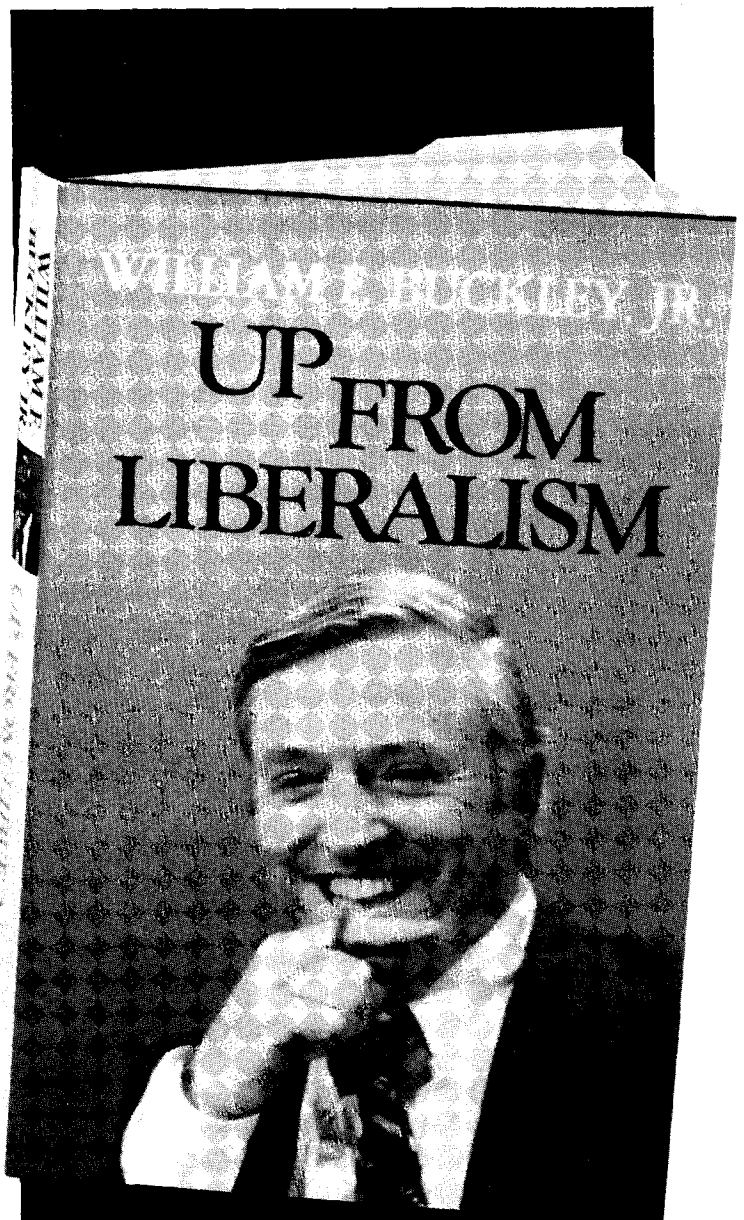

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ONE MORE TIME / ROBERT ALLEN

The Confessions of ST. AUGUSTINE

IT HAS BEEN years now since I first read the *Confessions of St. Augustine*. It was when I was in my late twenties, before I started college, in fact before I had ever gone to school at all. St. Augustine was part of my self-made education, and the saint taught me a lot—not only about how things were in the late Roman Empire, but about the human heart and its response to God. I first met the work in a Tennessee junk shop, in a tattered paperback I bought for a dime. Few of my dimes have been better spent. Reading the *Confessions* for the first time I felt as Robinson Crusoe must have felt on the island when he saw a single human footprint in the sand. Here is a man!—a real human being wandering around in the jungles of the printed page. A few books—Kierkegaard's and Whitman's—have the same quality of immediate contact with their authors. I feel I know St. Augustine; I feel that I have sat around and drunk coffee with him, swapped life stories. Better yet, sainthood apart, I feel that I am Augustine, for I too struggle with the flesh and yearn for God. I, too, will be restless until I find rest in Him, and herein lies the book's great appeal, its hopefulness. Augustine found God, or was found by Him. The lone footprints in the sand lead to a great way, strait and narrow perhaps, and little traveled, but the way upward to where there is rest. There go Dante and Augustine and Kierkegaard, and there by the grace of God go I.

One day in the gaudy palace of the western Roman Empire, a young man delivered a speech before the emperor. It was a panegyric, a set piece praising the emperor just short of calling him a god—Rome was nominally Christian by then. The speech went well, the Latin phrases rolled out on well-oiled vowels, spun and danced gravely in balanced Ciceronian prose. He was a master of his art, this young teacher of rhetoric (about the same as an English professor today), clearly a man on his way up. The emperor smiled; he had been made to feel himself the worthy successor of Augustus and Trajan. It was a good sign; the speaker would be rehired. But the speaker was sick at heart, for he knew that every word, every well-honed phrase, was a lie. This emperor was hardly more than a purple tunic on a stick, a hollow puppet in the hands of the barbarian king who was in fact master of Rome. Forms had to be kept up, a good craftsman in Latin found to say the proper thing. So Augustine was hired to perpetuate the farce.

A few years later that young man who had lied so eloquently for the purposes of power would begin to tell the truth in one of the most painfully honest and eloquent books ever written. That truth, pulled like poisoned arrows from his soul, is one of the reasons that we call him St. Augustine, and is the main reason that his *Confessions* has remained one of the towering classics of the modern world. It is no easy book to read through, for Augustine never completely repented of his ornate Latin rhetoric. Sometimes he seems to brace himself against it, to hide behind a carefully turned Latin phrase, before he dives down into the dark, haunted, turbulent depths of his soul. What he brings up is remarkable indeed. The elaborate, gaudy rhetorical devices balance the somber reflections until the *Confessions* rises like a plainsong chant, eerie and resonant and plaintive, lone and lonely—the exalted loneliness of the soul alone with God.

'Till They Find Rest in Thee'

Augustine was born in 354 in a provincial town in North Africa, near the ruins of the one town that had dared to defy Rome—Carthage. His father is a shadowy figure in the *Confessions*, a minor Roman official, but his mother is a central, not to say dominating, character. She was a Christian and she loved Augustine with a love that he could not escape, a love that followed him through all his ways like the hound of heaven. His boyhood was ordinary by the standard of his time, or of our own. In school, he hated Greek, but he learned enough of it to be able to correct his Bible by the original. Latin prose, though, enchanted him. He was caught up, first by the words, then by the Stoic philosophy of Cicero. And he stole pears. Stealing pears from a neighbor's tree is one of the most famous incidents in the *Confessions*. We would today—as no doubt anyone would have done then—dismiss it as a boyish prank, but to Augustine the saint, as

Mr. Allen is a freelance writer who lives in Virginia.

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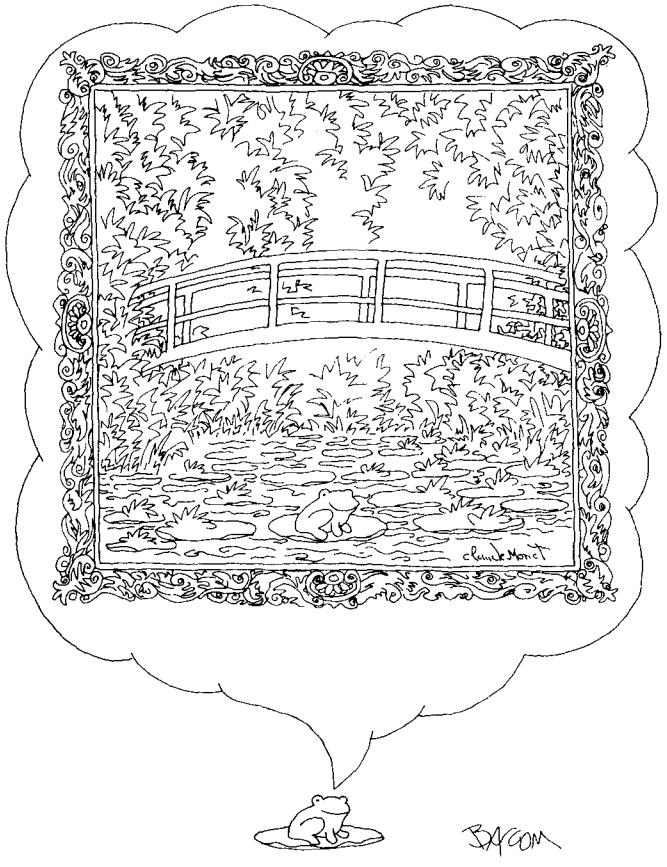
he looked back upon all his life from the perspective of his conversion, the stealing of pears was a straw that showed the way the winds were blowing in his young soul. There was no reason, no real temptation, to steal them—his parents had a pear tree at home with fruit just as good. The stealing of the pears was a piece of pure evil, evil for its own sake. The *Confessions* is one long effort to lay out the evil that Augustine found in his soul—that shameful, petty, furtive, beloved evil—to lay it under the eyes of God and let it be withered away, destroyed like the lush overgrowth of a speech made before a sham emperor.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee." So runs the most famous line in the book, which is the theme of the book, the fevered, restless seeking of a soul for God—for a truth beyond the shams of power and a love beyond the kisses of bought girls. Augustine, drunk with the heady wine of Ciceronian prose, left his home town for the boiling fleshpots of Carthage, a new Carthage rebuilt on the ruins of the old. Soon he had a new mistress and a new religion. He wandered into the mazes of Manicheanism, a cult of the time that claimed that evil was equally powerful with good. He dabbled, too, in astrology and wrote poetry. It was in Carthage that his mistress gave birth to his son, Adeodatus, whom he was later to baptize himself. In Carthage, too, Augustine's best friend died suddenly in his youth, leaving Augustine in a welter of grief and the fear of his own death.

Augustine's mother, Monica—later to be known as St. Monica—watched from the sidelines while her son fell into lust and heresy. She watched and prayed; she wept and poured out her soul to Bishop Ambrose (yet another saint).



"Don't worry," said the old man, "the son of so many tears cannot be lost." He was not. Everything seemed, after his conversion, to be part of that conversion. From the Manichean heresy, he wandered into Neoplatonism, probably the most exalted philosophy of its time; it pointed him to something beyond the world, to something that Plato had called the Good, exalted and high. But that Good was like a star, cold and far off, and Augustine could not forget the flesh. Lust tortured him. He wandered to the decaying center of his failing world, to Rome, which now shared the capital of the world with Byzantium and halved her power with the barbarians. He swapped his mistress for another. "Make me chaste, O Lord," he prayed, "but not yet." Monica followed the young worldling pleading, but it was no use. He only sank deeper into depression; he only became more obsessed with desire; he only began to hate love the more it possessed him. He was coming apart within himself. The seams of his soul were straining.

On the Brink of Salvation

Then one day the change came. It's a strange story, the conversion of Augustine, but it stands at the center of his life and of the *Confessions*. From here Augustine viewed his whole life; here he stood beside God and looked down on the whole sorry world, looked back in shame and sadness on the sin-tattered scraps of his life. Augustine had been tottering on the brink of salvation for many days but he could not make the leap of faith—or of chastity. One day in a garden in Milan, the flowers blooming all around him though he was lost in the dark night of his soul, he heard a child singing over the garden wall: "Take up and read, take up and read," the child's voice came in a nursery-rhyme singsong. Augustine, on an impulse half superstitious, took up the first book that came under his hand and began to read. It was the Epistles of Paul, and the first words that his eyes lit on were from the letter to the Romans:

> Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying but put on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof.

Suddenly it came together for Augustine. Suddenly the thousand flying, aching pieces that had been his world-shattered personality came into one around a new center, around God. It was all so simple, simple as a child's nursery rhyme. Augustine had been, as we would say today, born again. His mistresses and all his old lusts fell away from him like snow off an opening crocus. Monica was ecstatic. Augustine was baptized by old Bishop Ambrose, Ambrose who had withstood the murderous Emperor Theodosius and comforted the heartbroken Monica. She died a few months after the conversion of her son, but not before the two had had many a heart-to-heart talk—souls in bliss like Lear and Cordelia. His epitaph on his mother, like all the rest of the *Confessions*, is addressed to God:

> . . . Remember Monica, Thy handmaid, with Patricius, her sometime husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life.

(Continues on page 61)

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BEFORE YOU SAY NO...

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

A Correspondence, Nonfictional, between a Young Boy, a Housewife, a Headmaster, and the Young Boy's Brother

March 7

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I wish to ask you a great favor. My brother David goes to Cranwell and he says they go easier on brothers, so I might have a chance to get in even though my grades aren't so terribly good. But I need three letters of recommendation and I have one from a priest and one from a nun and my father says he thinks the third one better be from someone who is not a priest or a nun. You are not a priest or a nun but yet you know me intamitely from me having delivered your paper even that bad day right after Christmas when their was no school and the *Times* boy didn't deliver his customers, and from those Catholic Christmas cards you always buy, and from the jack lantern pumpkins I helped you carve three years in a row, and the Easter Eggs, and a lot of other things. (Like the time I picked up John when he broke his arm and taught Priscilla how to ride a two-wheeler.)

Before you say no, I did break the trampoline but I didn't honestly know how heavy I was, because I grew very suddenly and the only reason I was always on the roof was because of my gliders which you said I could get if they were on the roof, and the time you wouldn't let me come in your back yard for three weeks that time, Catholic Word of Honor, John started it and it was not my fault because Scout's Honor, I only gave John the most compleatly gentle kind of tap so he would go home so Georgie Cunningham wouldn't beat him up, because you know how Georgie is when he gets mad. Because John threw a mud ball at him on his bicycle. Not that you were wrong, but that I'm explaning now, because you were so mad then you wouldn't give me a chance to explane, because John got their first and he fed you a lot of garbage. But I still like John, he is a fine young boy, he has been well brought up by his Mother.

But even if sometimes you don't get along with me too well, I always think of you as my "Oldest Friend" so I hope you will do me this great favor of writing me a letter of recommandation.

Thanking you for your trouble,

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

P.S.: Thank you for the pennies of which I already had the 1926 San Francisco mint but I did not have the 1921 Denver. Do you have a 1905 Indian Head, I will pay one nickel, clear profit of four (4)¢?

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

March 7

Dear Peter:

I would be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to Cranwell, and I am very flattered that you asked me. Of course, I will have to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth, so I hope nobody will be careless enough to allow my letter to fall into the hands of the police. I can't tell you how much I would miss you if you had to spend the next ten years in a reformatory.

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.S.: No, I haven't got a 1905 Indian Head, which saddens me very much, but what saddens me more is the fact that even after three years' acquaintanceship you don't know me well enough to realize that I also know that this particular penny is worth $6! You and your 4¢ profit—hah! I've told you and *told* you about my high IQ. Don't you believe me? However, just to show you I bear no grudge, I will give you my duplicate of the 1911 no mint mark—for free yet!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.P.S.: Don't worry about my letter. I will bet you one dollar (from me) to one doughnut (from you) that you will get into Cranwell—not because you're such a hot-shot, you understand, but because if I'm crazy enough to like you, your priest and your nun are probably suffering from the same form of insanity. On the other hand, they may know you even better than I do, God help them!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

March 9

To Whom It May Concern:

Peter Bailey-Gates has been in and out of my house almost daily for the past three years—by "almost" I mean those short sentences of exile which I have been unkind enough to impose upon Peter—and in that time I have come to know him very well indeed: as friend, paper boy, fellow penny-collector, and combined decorator, waiter, and entertainer at my younger children's birthday parties.

I have found Peter to be unfailingly good-humored, well-mannered, and con-

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR *tradition. The book* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *in which this and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas pieces appeared, is out of print.*

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siderate—all of which qualities stand him in good stead in his relations with the public, which are many and varied. I am sure that no boy in New England, much less in West Hartford, has been engaged in so many intricate business enterprises as Peter Bailey-Gates. I have bought, hired, subscribed to, invested in, paid and been paid interest on fully a dozen of his ventures in the last three years—not even counting his snow-shoveling, leaf-raking, apple-picking, and garbage-cantoting, for which my own young sons are recruited. Peter's financial sense is, however, no deterrent to his feeling for what is fitting and proper: When he washed the car of the seventy-year-old spinster who lives nearby, for instance, he was careful to explain (lest I should find out, I suppose!) that he had refused payment only because she had "no man to make money for her"; again, when he asked me to take an ad in his projected *Colony Road News* and I was so irreverent as to reserve two inches of space for the slogan "HOORAY FOR MRS. HEATH," Peter offered to refund my dollar because he had caused my ad to appear as "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND." I must, however, state categorically that Peter has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled his share of every and any contract between us, whatever it may have been. (And the fact that one or two of these contracts have been rather clearer to Peter than to me has been indignantly attributed by my own children to my habit of doing jigsaw puzzles, reading, watching television programs, and saying "Uh-hunh" simultaneously, when I should have been *listening*. My husband affirms this judgment.)

Lest my young friend sound barely lower than the angels, I must add that his fertile imagination combined with his 13-year-old sense of humor has led, on occasion, to my addressing him with "harsh words and unkind" ("You know perfectly well that when I told you last Tuesday you could climb up on the roof to get your glider, I didn't mean you could buy ten *more* gliders and *aim* them at the—and by the way, I hope you didn't buy them with the lottery money for the bicycle horn—when are you going to *have* that lottery, anyway? I bought those tickets six weeks ago!" and much more). These irrational, if predictable, crises of the adult world leave Peter possibly repentant, probably remorseful, but certainly unruffled. He is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as "a difference of opinion," he retires with complete equanimity to his own back yard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extrasensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within 15 minutes, to assure me *he* has forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (or penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor.

Needless to say, our friendship is steadfast.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH
(Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath)

March 15

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Office of the Principal

Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath
29 Colony Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I am very grateful to you for your detailed and colorful description of Peter Bailey-Gates.

Many of Peter's accomplishments can be put to good use at School. Leaf-raking and snow-shoveling are part of the punitive curriculum. Endowed with all the energy which you describe, I am sure that Peter will be an early candidate for demerits.

We will try to keep pace with Peter. What substitute we will have when the occasion arises for Peter to "retire to his own back yard" we will try to figure out during the year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. BURKE, SJ
(Rev.) Charles E. Burke, SJ
Principal

March 15

Dear Mimi and Dad:

Please excuse the paper, for I'm in study hall, and since something happened tonight, which made me feel pretty proud of my little (little? Ha Ha) brother Peter, I thought I'd tell you about it, unless you already know. This has also changed practically my entire attitude toward Father Burke who has practically never been known to crack a smile in the memory of the oldest graduate.

Not more than five minutes ago, during the break between study hall hours, Father Burke called me and showed me a letter which Mrs. Heath had written to him about Peter. It described Peter to a tee. All of the letter was praiseworthy about him, and had been written just about Peter and nothing else. Father Burke was astonished and asked me if it was all true, and I told him it was, and he said in that case PETER GETS IN!! . . .

Say hello to the little kids for me please, and tell them "Big Dave" will be home soon.

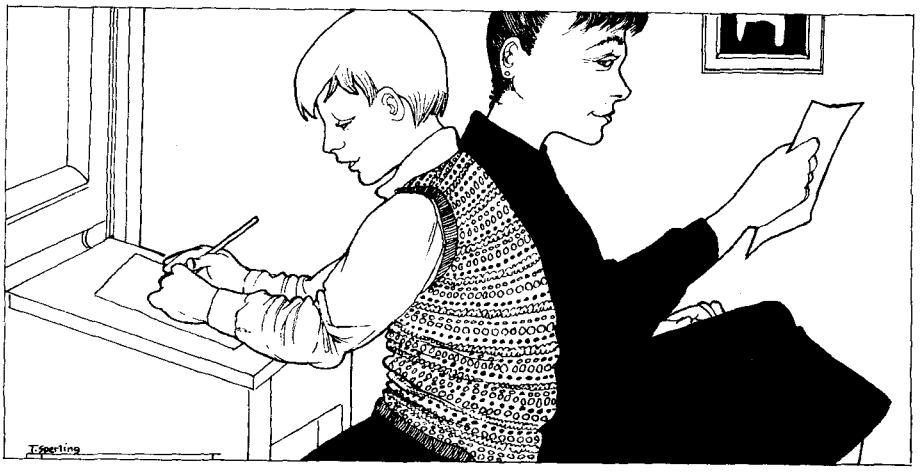
Love and prayers,
YOUR SON DAVID

March 15

Dear Pete:

Boy, does Mrs. Heath sure have your number. Father Burke said he can hardly wait to get you up here to knock it out of you. Love and Kisses.

DAVE



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IGNORING THE PAST

BOOKS HAVE HAD a share in the shaping of my mind along with the school of life and the lessons of history. One book has colored my thinking to a considerable degree, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher-emperor.

I love the splendid beginning of Book I, in which Marcus Aurelius cites the persons from whom he received his education in values:

> From my grandfather Verus: the lessons of noble character and even temper. From my father's reputation and my memory of him: modesty and manliness. . . . From my tutor: not to become a partisan of the Green Jacket or the Blue in the races, nor of Thracian or Samnite gladiators; to bear pain and be content with little; to work with my own hands, to mind my own business, and to be slow to listen to slander.

Book I of the *Meditations* constitutes a marvelous litany of praise for the values of the ancient world. The world of the Roman philosopher-emperor is a million miles away from ours, utterly remote from the feeling of the modern world. Yet it is all so admirable. Marcus Aurelius cites the importance of looking "to nothing else, even for a little while, except to reason"; recommends "graciousness, and the pattern of a household governed by its head"; observes "how vile a thing is the hypocrisy of absolutism"; commends "love of family, love of truth, and love of justice." He expresses thanks for having "had good grandparents, good parents, a good sister, good masters, good intimates, kinfolk, friends, almost everything." Happy is the man who can say that. However one is blessed, whether in large or small measure, Book I of the *Meditations* provides a superb guide for life, despite the passage of centuries.

Undoubtedly, there are links between minds across generations and even centuries. Here and there one finds a mind attuned to one's own, though one is separated from it by long reaches of time. Reading brings one into touch with a particular company of thinkers or commentators. I am mindful of this in reading the work of the late W. R. Inge, dean of St. Paul's, London, from before the First World War until the early 1930s. The dean cast a cold eye on the superficial progressivism of the modern age.

Dean Inge was born in the Victorian era, the son of a clergyman. He was an Oxford scholar, a distinguished preacher and commentator, and an interested observer of such modern developments as eugenics. He also was the author of an astonishing number of books on subjects ranging from Plotinus to popular issues of the day, and he was a prolific writer of articles for the newspapers. Running through all his work is an awareness of the fragile nature of civilization, a sense of the capacity of modern man to fool himself about his achievements, and an understanding of how the Great War impaired the will of the Western world. He had an intellectual and moral honesty that put him in the same camp as Marcus Aurelius.

Look Back with Pride

HE ALSO had a profound sense of the importance of the past. My favorite Inge comment is when he said that the Dark Ages at least knew they were dark. As he wrote in his autobiography, *Vale*: "We have no wish to go back to barbarism, but there have been long and discouraging reversions in the history of civilization, and we cannot be confident that there will be no more of them." Dean Inge was aware of the moral outrage of Bolshevism. The outrage of National Socialism in Germany was about to take place when he wrote those words. Or consider this: "The cruel experiences of the last twenty years have shattered our confidence that man in each generation is better and happier than he was in the time of his parents."

Dean Inge looked back on English and on Anglo-Saxon civilization with pride, and he looked to the future with foreboding, which has been amply justified since his death. He was dubbed "the gloomy dean" for this attitude. In the modern world, it isn't really acceptable to look backward. Indeed an unwillingness to treat the past as something serious and meaningful has long been a part of the American temper. More than fifty years ago, John Crowe Ransom, the poet and critic, wrote in *I'll Take My Stand* that "It is out of fashion these days to look backward rather than forward." He wrote those words in 1930, and the statement is even more true today. One reason for this anti-historical attitude is that a majority of Americans lack any understanding of the Burkean concept of society as consisting of the dead, the living, and the unborn. Other societies in other times have understood the importance of paying attention to the past. They have comprehended, as Ransom put it, that "nostalgia, the instinctive objection to being transplanted, chiefly prevents the deracination of human communities and their complete geographical dispersion as casualties of an insatiable wanderlust."

One of the clearest expositions of the meaning and importance of the past was given by the late Pierre Thevenaz, a Swiss professor of philosophy. In an essay published in *Western Humanities Review* after his death, Professor Thevenaz wrote of the fallacious way in which we represent time, saying:

> We imagine time as a line on which a body is moving from one place to the next. The point at which the body happens to be is the present, the only *real* moment of time. Thus it is the present

Mr. Harrigan is president of the Educational Foundation of the United States Industrial Council.

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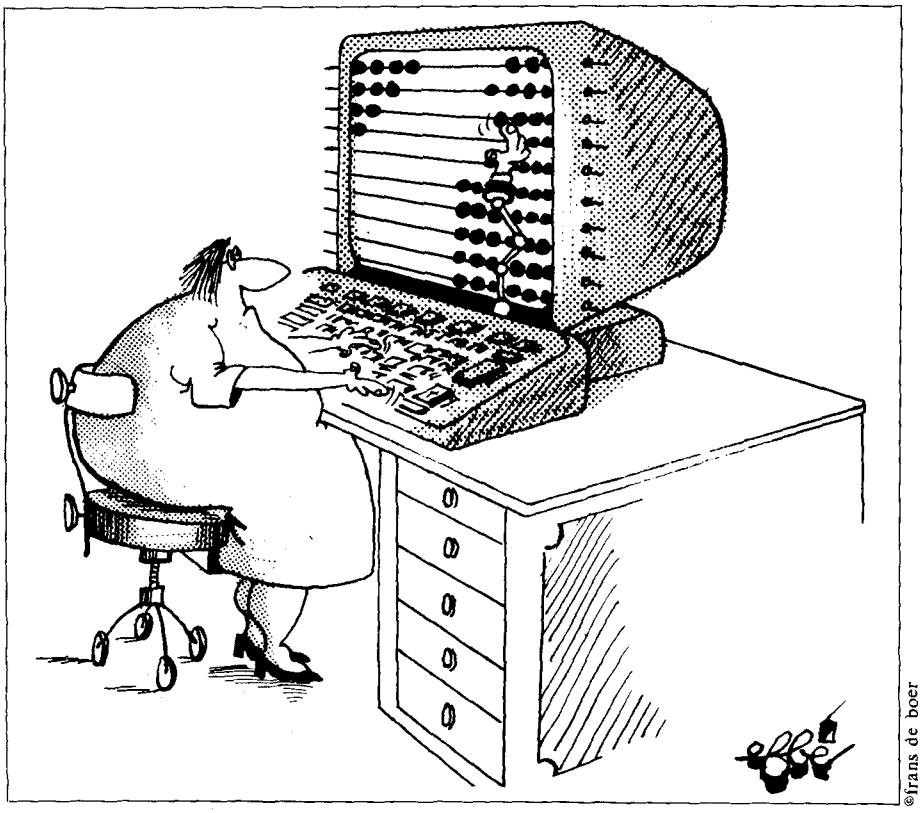
that is moving from one point to the next. The path already traversed no longer exists, it has run its course, it is past and gone; the path ahead is likewise non-existent since it is as yet untraveled. Only the present exists. . . . True humanism entails a totally different attitude toward the past. The past, according to this view, is the very substance (one might even say, the density) of the present. The life of history is therefore neither a life that has passed away nor a resurrection. . . . It is the self-conscious awareness that these two realities are intimately connected.

Certainly, this awareness is essential if we are to appreciate and understand history.

It would be wrong and excessive to say that Americans don't cherish their country's history. They do cherish it, or great numbers of them do, though there is a vein of anti-historicalism that surfaces from time to time, as in Henry Ford's remark that "history is bunk." That attitude may be an offshoot of the notion connected with technological change that only the emerging world is important. History, however, is not taught as well or as widely as it should be. American schools have ceased to teach Roman history, which is part of the foundation of our civilization. Overall, the country's institutions fail to develop the value and outlook that the ancient Romans termed *pietas*. This is a rendering of homage, reverence, respect, and allegiance to nation, family, and hallowed place. It produced a view of man in terms not only of his own actions but those of his ancestors and his descendants, in terms of obligations to unborn generations and devotion to a particular place. It was from this outlook that the Roman sense of citizenship and loyalty flowed.

John Casey, a Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge University, explored this value in a brilliant essay published in *The Salisbury Review* in the spring of 1983. Indeed he went beyond the concept of *pietas* to shed light on being "born into a human tradition, of life being not his unique possession but something common to all." The essence of Mr. Casey's thesis is that the human person is "not just a thinking soul, a purely individual center of sensations, but . . . necessarily part of a community, and one with a history." To be fully human, therefore, is to be attached to traditions, rituals, forms, customs, deeds, and hallowed places. In such a context of understanding, it is not enough to be loved in life; it is essential to be honored in death. If the honor is not given, then the life is devoid of meaning. Life viewed in this context is the very opposite of the nihilistic individualism of modern times, a life pattern that leaves people alienated and cruelly alone in a world devoid of links and common experience and solidarity. The most heartrending aspect of contemporary life is the loneliness and isolation. American-style individualism cannot be attractive to millions of people around the world, for it would leave them bereft of the comforts of community, including obligations to the dead.



The Dead Give Us Life

WHY HAVE so many Americans been averse to the traditional way of life, with its emphasis on community? Perhaps because the people who came to these shores were the ones who found they *could* live without the roots and ties of the Old World, who had the stamina to venture on a new life without the sustaining bonds of older cultures. Russell Kirk has said, in an essay entitled "Don't Be Afraid of Antiquity" (*Confessions of a Bohemian Tory*), that the past is a ghost to some people. But, he added, "as Gustave Le Bon wrote, 'The dead alone give us life.' " To try to escape from the past is to attempt to bypass all the achievements of mankind. What we do today, what we are capable of tomorrow, depends on the giants of the past on whose shoulders we stand.

We are socialized by the values of the past, or were at one time. William Alexander Percy, author of *Lanterns on the Levee*, describes the impact of traditional Anglican litanies on students at the University of the South before the First World War: "Each morning these young men hear floating across their semi-consciousness the sea-surge of their own language at its most exalted—clean and thunderous and salty. Some of the wash of that stormy splendor lodges in their gay shallows, inevitably and eternally." No longer is this true, of course, for chapel is no longer compulsory at that university, and the venerable Book of Common Prayer has been revamped until it is almost unrecognizable, its ancient language stripped away in a deliberate rejection of the past.

Americans often complain that in the Soviet Union and the other Eastern-bloc countries the ancient institutions of those lands are abolished or transformed, as in the case of Orthodox churches that have been turned into

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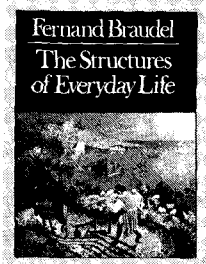

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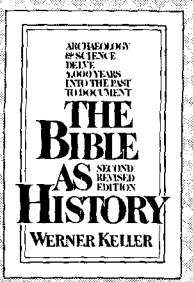
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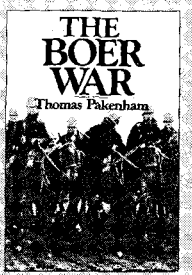

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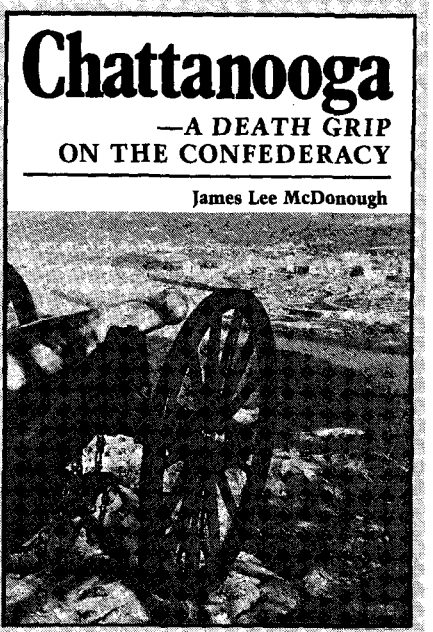

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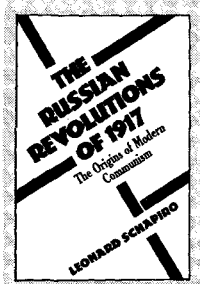

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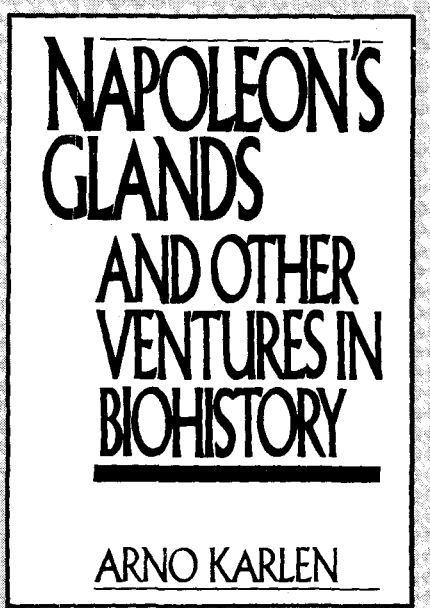

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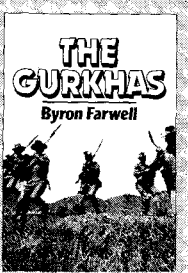

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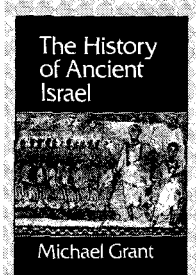

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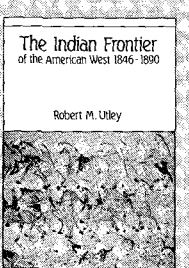

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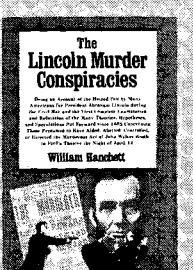

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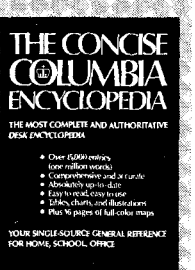
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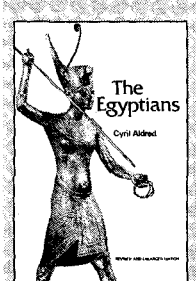

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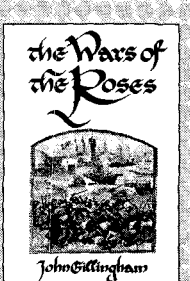

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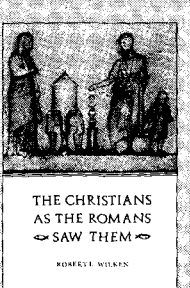

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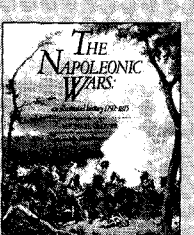

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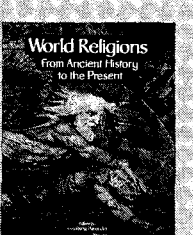

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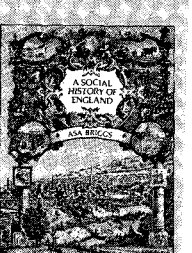

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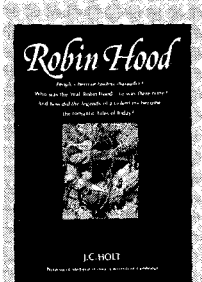

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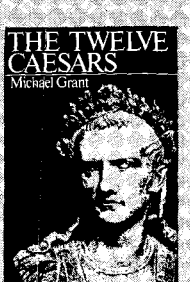

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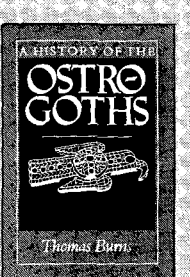

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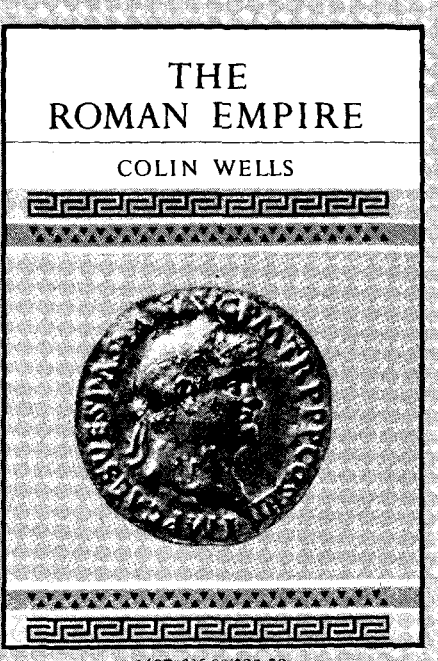

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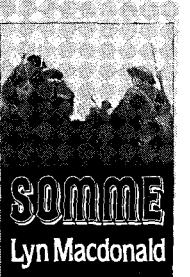

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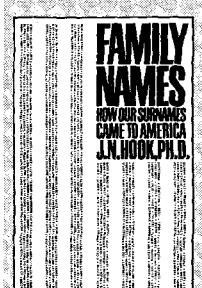

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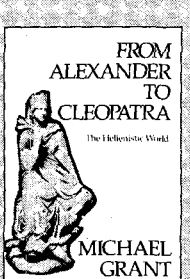

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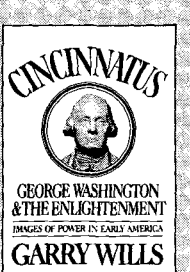

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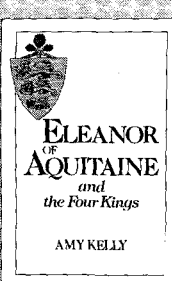

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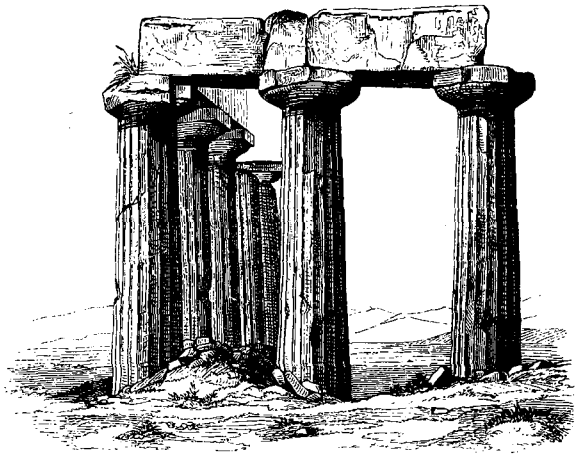

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historical museums. Ironically, much the same thing is done in the West, although in a different way. In Britain, many of the great churches of the land are mere places for tourists to visit. They have ceased to function as houses of worship, except for a handful of people. Even more disturbing is the inner transformation of church bodies from centers of spiritual activity to centers of political activity. When in London recently, I noted that St. James's Anglican Church in Piccadilly advertised Marxist speakers and urged the public to listen to talks citing the alleged similarities between the writings of Karl Marx and the Beatitudes. Indeed significant elements in both the Roman Catholic and Anglican communities seek to meld Marxism and Christianity, thereby perverting the latter.

The traditional socializing forces in the Western world were church, home, and national institutions such as military services. From contact with these institutions and forces each new generation learned how to feel and behave. They taught what was good and true, what was the correct path to follow in life, what to value. The experience of recent years has been of the disestablishment of forms and institutions, the termination of requirements, the breaking of links, so that the rising generation has to learn everything on its own, without guides, precepts, or established rituals. This leaves a new generation in much the same situation as the barbarian, who comes raw to civilization and has to discover it for himself. Without access to tradition, one cannot have any sense of what has been hallowed by time; one cannot feel part of a larger community beyond one's generation; one cannot regard anything or anyone as venerable, that is, deserving of veneration. One becomes like the Soviet New Man.

The New Man of the East or the West is shallow. He lives solely in the present, as though the present represents the only form of reality. He draws his understanding of the world from the media, which are as devoid of historical understanding and principle as those who receive their messages. The New Man, who is cut off from the vital traditions of the past, cannot have a sense of obligation to anything beyond his own time. Certainly, the New Man cannot comprehend what T. S. Eliot said in the poem "Little Gidding": "The communication / Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living." To understand that, consider what the English language would be without Shakespeare. Are the works of Shakespeare in danger of suffering the same eclipse as the speeches and letters of Cicero? As education focuses on the economic and technological needs of the present, will not more and more of our cultural heritage be disposed of as surplus cargo? It seems logical to conclude that this is a real danger. In the past forty years, the teaching of classical languages has all but disappeared from American schools.

Society Climbs Back

THE SUBTRACTION of the past from our store of cultural knowledge compounds the flux of modern life and adds to instability and disadjustment. When the rhythms of life were slow, there was ample time to absorb the story of our civilization and the substance as well. People weren't under tremendous pressure to adjust to change, as they are today. The rate of change is speeding up as we move into the computer age. The long-range effects of the new era of change are difficult to forecast. One wonders, however, what will be the effect of computer literacy. Will the storage of the correct spelling of 25,000 words in a word processor mean that users of such machines won't feel the need to spell correctly, that they will depend on the machine to do this for them?

The history of modern times is a history of machine displacement of the old manual way of performing certain simple functions. Language is something else again, however; for language is how we think, how we know the world past and present. We enter into history through language, and if our interest in and knowledge of language diminishes, our knowledge of history also may diminish. In the process, we may learn new lessons but forget old ones. And will a new generation, geared to computers, find any relevance in a Marcus Aurelius or a W. R. Inge, in the slow weighing of values and the shaping of an outlook based on character determined in adversity? There is the danger that the next generation may discount the lessons learned over a hundred generations under conditions markedly different from modern conditions of life.

Of course, life is full of permanent things that aren't affected by changing technology—things such as courage, honesty, dignity, responsibility, honor. These qualities can be eclipsed for a time under barbaric conditions or barbaric regimes, but they won't be lost forever. If a society descends into the lower depths, sooner or later it climbs back. That is because goodness is part of human nature, and nature will manifest itself whatever the external pressures. If there had been a Thousand-Year Reich, as Hitler vowed, the evil nature of Nazism would have given way in due course to something better. And Soviet Communism, in time—much time, perhaps—surely will be diluted by ancient civilizational values that will rise to the surface. Roger Scruton, a British writer who understands the importance of the past, points out that death does not extinguish value and reminds us that "Memory, which redeems death, also renews life, by creating the terms upon which life is offered and accepted." In the final instance, then, the past cannot be put down in this or any other society. Even revolutionary China, which made the most systematic effort ever to destroy the past, has turned around and is attempting to resurrect the past. We can take comfort from that. □

No-Man's Land?

"Jake Garn (R., Utah) wants NASA to take a serious look at a 'higher level of automation' for its space-station project, including the option of a fully automated space station." —*News Item*

Is Garn an '80s Carry Nation
Swinging out for automation?
R2D2 and all that . . .
(Human beings must be old hat).

To have just robots out in space
Will guarantee us second place.
Man's *still* the measure of all things,
Not microchips nor piston rings.

A station without astronauts
Would be the cue for lots and lots
Of Russians on the moon—and Mars
(While our computers tally stars).

—JACK D. KIRWAN

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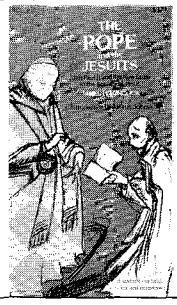

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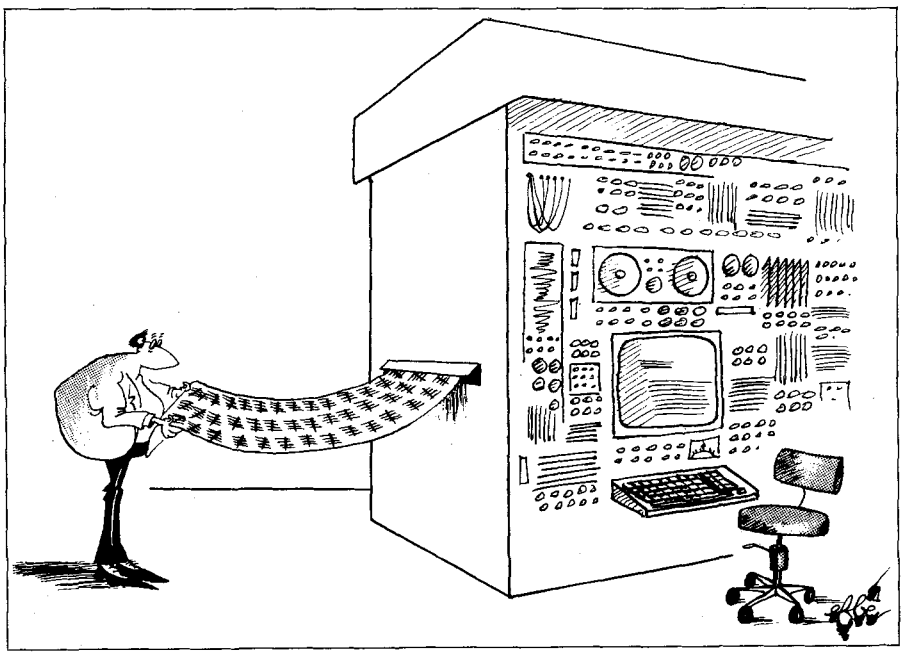
HAYEK RETURNS TO CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, was a piquant choice for the general meeting in September of the Mont Pelerin Society. The city was once the celebrated home base of John Maynard Keynes, the King's College economist whose theories about the curative value of public spending have been eagerly embraced by politicians for two generations. But, as is less well known, it was also the city of Friedrich Hayek, Mont Pelerin's founder and honorary president, now 85 years old, who spent the World War II years in Cambridge and came to be Keynes's friendly enemy. Hayek wrote *The Road to Serfdom* in a Cambridge house when the London School of Economics, where he was teaching, moved northward out of London to get away from Hitler's bombs.



The two Cambridge heritages, which take opposing views of the virtues of government interventionism, have been battling ever since the publication of *The Road to Serfdom* forty years ago. The Keynesian theories relied on the Phillips Curve, which stipulated a direct connection between public spending and the increase of employment. But the curve no longer works—the more that governments seize, whether by taxation or inflation, the more sluggish the economy seems to be. In spite of this, our governments go on spending even when their heads—Ronald Reagan in America, Margaret Thatcher in England—believe they should be doing the opposite.

The first two days of the Mont Pelerin meeting were confrontation days, with one session given over to discussing "*The Road to Serfdom* after Forty Years" and a second to "The Keynesian Heritage." John Gray felt obliged to take note of the fact that "no advanced Western industrial democracy has experienced the hyperinflation which Hayek has claimed to be the inevitable result of postwar policies of economic management." We have been supremely lucky. But Gray warned his audience that we could "exaggerate the importance of the past five years" in setting up a frame of reference that would be good for the likely future. The postwar welfare state in Britain, Europe, and America, he said, has produced a servile mentality that has led to a pervasive lack of initiative. "When servile manners prevail," he said, "freedom cannot be safe for long and will soon be lost."

Mr. Chamberlain is a syndicated columnist. His most recent book, a political-literary autobiography, is A Life with the Printed Word.

Into the Black

WHAT GRAY found particularly oppressive is that the achievements neither of Margaret Thatcher nor of Ronald Reagan have included any reductions in the inherited burdens of the long interventionist period. Both Britain and America are staggering under mountains of debt. We still face the alternatives of hyperinflation or deflationary collapse. Hayek's analysis still stands.

Gray raised the point (only to drop it in a single sentence) of "a backlash of phenomena—of which the most notable is the black economy—in which freedom has been recovered by stealth." As Antonio Martino, an Italian Mont Pelerinian, had made plain at a previous meeting of the society, keeping one's business affairs "off the books," as is done particularly in Latin countries, is one way of maximizing one's freedom. When governments are perceived as cheats, the inevitable response is to keep no records. The result is that the economists do not really know what they are talking about. We have computers but no trustworthy statistics to feed into them.

This phenomenon was touched upon in the discussion of Orwell's *1984* that followed the session on *The Road to Serfdom*. Michael Walker of Canada felt that Orwell had been much influenced by Hayek and that in *1984* he had "created a tangible, visceral representation of the concepts which Professor Hayek's works exposed in more

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measured terms." But "in the real world of 1984," said Walker, "people are not succumbing to the system without a reaction. Protest emerges in the form of the underground activity which is identified in every country and is growing in most." The Swedish government is onto this: It is calling for "tattletale laws" that will require citizens to report payments to others on their tax returns. If the tattletale system ever becomes 100 per cent effective, Sweden will be the first Western nation to make both *1984* and *The Road to Serfdom* come true. Paul Johnson, in his paper on Orwell, laid much of the trouble to the spread of moral relativism. But, as Antonio Martino remarked, a moral absolutism imposed by Big Brother could be the ultimate in depravity.

Leland B. Yeager, in his opening paper on "The Keynesian Heritage," concedes the point that Keynesian spending worked for a time. But when expectations became attuned to what was actually happening, price inflation took over in place of real stimulus. The worst effect of the popularity of Keynes's doctrines was that they crowded out alternative theories, such as Clark Warburton's "monetary disequilibrium theory." An adequate real-money supply might have been maintained, said Yeager, "if people marked down their prices and wages sufficiently and promptly." The natural adjustment of prices and wages was prevented when governments went around Robin Hood's barn to bring about full employment by creating massive government deficits.

Off the Rails

Milton Friedman, in commenting on Yeager's paper, said he had no doubt that Keynes was in the direct line of succession to his famous British predecessors, Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Marshall. Since Friedman doesn't call himself a Keynesian, this is surprising praise. Where Friedman thinks Keynes went badly off the rails was in his bequest to politics. Keynes's advocacy of public spending was for a particular place and a particular time, the depressed Britain of the 1920s and 1930s. He didn't envision his policy as something for all times. He thought that when wages were once again in line with prices, investment would pick up and the government could slack off. Past government debts could then be paid off out of a Treasury surplus.

This theory of alternating budget deficits and surpluses failed utterly to reckon with the character of politicians. The average politico, even in a Britain that had a supposedly incorruptible civil service, could not bring himself to cut back on public outlays just because times had become good. Keynes did not live to read the pertinent analyses of James Buchanan and Gordon Tullock, two Mont Pelerinians who have demonstrated that politicians, whether elected or appointed, almost invariably act to serve their own interests in preserving income, prestige, power, and the generally easy life.

Keynes, not long before he died,

(Continues on page 61)

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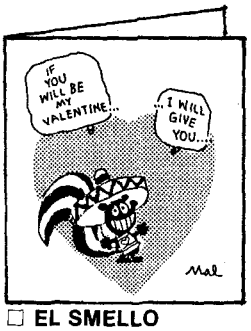

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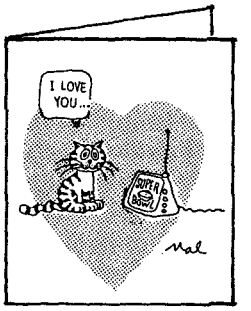
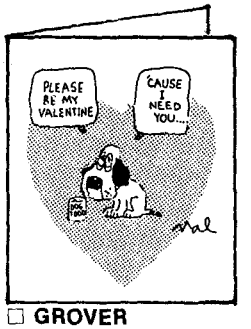
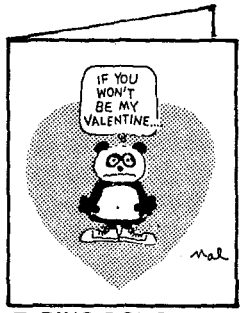


☐ **SCRUFFY**
- ☐ I Love You . . . (Inside) more than a Month of Super Bowl Sundays!
- ☐ I Love You (Inside) more than my Catnip Mouse!
- ☐ I Love You (Inside) more than a Warm Bowl of Milk on a Cold Night!



☐ **GROVER**
- ☐ Be my Valentine ... (Inside) Please!
- ☐ Please be my Valentine "Cause I Need You . . . (Inside) more than a Can of Dog Food Needs a Can Opener!"
- ☐ If you will be my Valentine I will give you . . . (Inside) One Mangy Dog & Seven Friendly Fleas



☐ **DING DONG**
- ☐ Just For You ... (Inside) One Great Big Bear Hug Coming Up!
- ☐ Of all the Valentines in the Whole Wide World . . . (Inside) You're the Bear•y Bear•y Best!
- ☐ If you won't be my Valentine . . . (Inside) My Life will be Un•Bear•able!

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help !!!!

Speaker O'Neill's Christmas

Tip loves to dress as Santa Claus,
But this year doesn't dare.
Each time he tries a Ho-ho-ho!
Constituents just stare.
The pork's still in the barrel and
His appetite is huge,
But back in Massachusetts, folks
Prefer him playing Scrooge.

W. H. von Dreele

DON'T HANG IT OVER PUBLIC PROPERTY!

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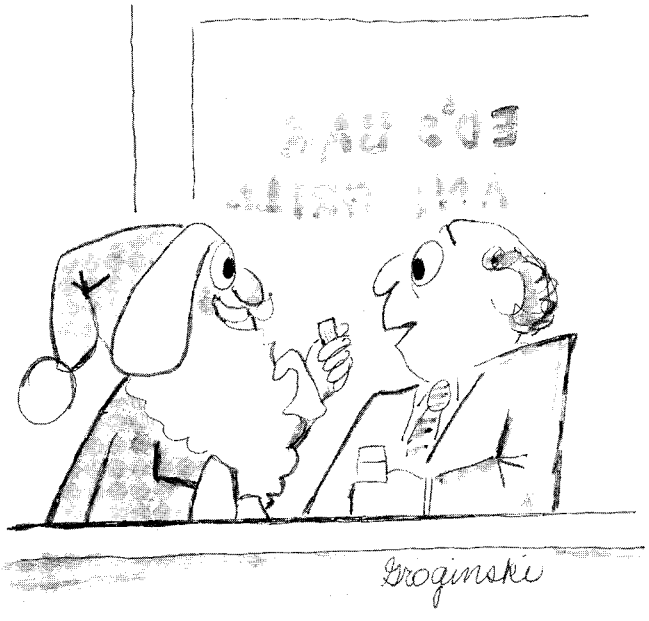
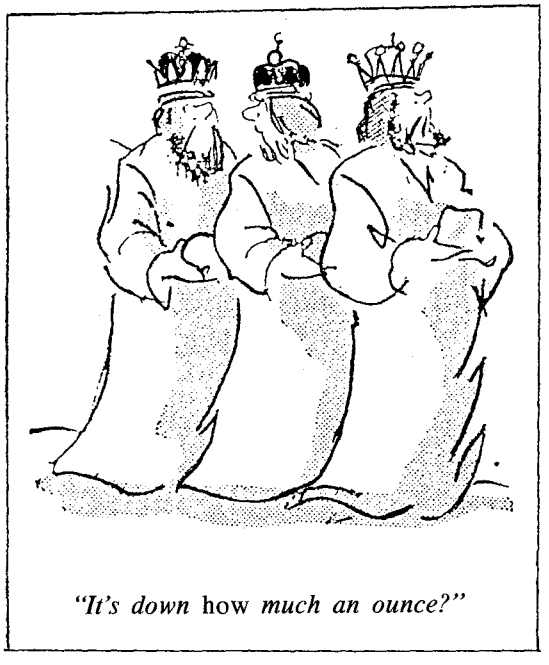
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
THE GOOD NEWS IS THEY'RE OURS, MR. PRESIDENT... THE BAD NEWS IS THEY'RE HERE TO TALK ABOUT THESE CUTS IN VETERANS' BENEFITS..



"I can't believe no one recognizes you without your American Express card."



"It's down how *much an ounce?"*

Holland, London *Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

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KIRK & POWELL

The Ingersoll Prizes / John R. Coyne Jr.

CHICAGO. Late autumn. Weather uncharacteristically lovely. The mayor remains peculiar. City Council members complement him. The governor, who much prefers Chicago to Springfield, has begun to look longingly toward Washington. In the city, teachers are on strike, howling semiliterately on picket lines. The business community is edgy over tax-reform proposals. Christmas shoppers are out in record droves, with at least half the women in the world packing themselves into Marshall Field's, where males do not dare to tread. And the Chicago Bears, having won their division, proceed to fall into a protracted swoon, as all good Chicago teams do.

Meanwhile, against this backdrop, the prize committee of the Ingersoll Foundation held its annual banquet at the Ritz-Carlton to confer the T. S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing on novelist Anthony Powell and the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters on philosopher Russell Kirk.

These two writers, as Leopold Tyrmand put it, "bring light to us." One of them does so by "diagnosing the ulcers of vulgarity, cynicism, despair, and viciousness that dominate our awareness of our age, the other by chronicling them."

The eloquent Mr. Tyrmand—vice president of the Rockford Institute and editor of *Chronicles of Culture*—goes on in one of those rolling series of which he is a master to describe the purpose of the awards: "What we wish to encourage, elevate, advance, is a style of cultural impulse, a style of social sensibility, a style of political thinking that safeguards the successful transmission of the most valuable imponderables from one historical formation to the next." Or, to put it in Russell Kirk's words, to protect and pass on "the permanent things."

The crowd at the awards banquet was somewhat smaller this year. The newcomers included Frank Gannon, a former associate of President Nixon who has undertaken to revive *Saturday Review*, and Andrei Navrozov, who has at least temporarily brought the *Yale Literary Magazine* back from the dead. The celebrated dancer Rebecca Feinstein attended again this year, as did Henry Regnery, who as publisher of Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* in 1953 could legitimately be called the founder of the feast.

Anthony Powell, who is 79, could not make the trip from England; his acceptance remarks—largely a lecture on the art and craft of fiction—were read by Robert Conquest. Powell, best known for his 12-volume novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, is not widely read in the United States. His coevals were Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly, and George Orwell, and he shares certain of the idiosyncrasies common to this group. As one critic put it, "His books are very much an acquired taste for Americans."

Russell Kirk, who gave a brisk and eloquent acceptance talk, needs little introduction to the readers of this magazine. Since 1953, he has been the author of some 25 books. But no book published in the past three decades has had a more profound social, cultural, and political effect than *The Conservative Mind.*

When it appeared, what passed for conservatism in the United States was fractured and adrift. The sea was littered with splinters—old America-Firsters, Taftites, McCarthyites—all floating in a variety of directions. Kirk's book —seen by many of its most perceptive critics as an attack on ideological fragmentation—helped change all that.

In his splendid autobiography, *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher*, Henry Regnery sums it up: "It would be too much to say that the postwar conservative tradition began with the publication of Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, but it was this book that gave it its name, and, more important, coherence."

It is that coherence, more than anything else, that has led to the current conservative revival. Kirk would no doubt take strong issue with certain actors in that revival—New Rightists, New Populists, neoconservative economic ideologists. As he put it in NATIONAL REVIEW's 25th-anniversary issue, what is needed is not "a politics of ideology" but "a politics of imagination," rooted in ethics and culture.

Nevertheless, he remains one of the staunchest keepers of the flame. For that we all owe him a debt of gratitude, just as we owe a debt of gratitude to the Ingersoll Foundation for recognizing his central contribution to our nation. Last year it was Burnham and Borges, this year Kirk and Powell. Given the quality of the first four recipients, as the *Chicago Tribune* put it, "The Ingersoll Prizes seem certain to become one of the most significant awards on the literary-cultural landscape." □

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter and NR *editor, is now a freelancer living in Chicago.*

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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THE PEACE ISSUE GOES EAST

"We want peace and freedom!"—Peace demonstrators in Prague.

"Citizens have a right to control their leaders' decision-making in matters on which the fate of the world depends. But we don't even know how, or by whom, the decision to invade Afghanistan was made."—Andrei Sakharov.

"The prevention of war is a necessary condition for realization of human rights, freedom, and justice."—East German evangelicals.

"We are convinced the most reliable way we can oppose the arms race and nuclear war is by building a bridge together between the millions of hearts in the West and in the East."—The Moscow Group to Establish Trust between the USSR and the U.S.A.

"There is no peace without freedom . . . To try to save one at the expense of the other is ultimately to save neither."—The Charter 77 Movement.

IT WAS MEANT to be a well-orchestrated chorus in praise of peace, a nuclear freeze, and the nuclear disarmament of the West. But to the great annoyance of the Kremlin, new voices have joined in, uninvited, from within its own domain, with variations on the theme.

Inadvertently, the peace movement in the West has struck sparks in the Soviet bloc, where, taking the official propaganda at face value, people have started joining the peace struggle with their own ideas and initiatives, as if it were not a government monopoly. The past four years have seen the founding, in Moscow, of the Group to Establish Trust between the USSR and the U.S.A. and, in Budapest, of the Peace Group for Dialogue; in Prague, the peace issue has been taken up by the Charter 77 Movement, as well as by individual dissidents. Small peace groups now apparently also exist in the Soviet Baltic republics, while East Germany has dozens of peace groups, aided and abetted by the local Protestant churches, themselves very outspoken on matters of peace and disarmament. Like the Third (human-rights) Basket of the Helsinki Accords, the peace issue in Eastern Europe has turned from propaganda window-dressing into an authentic movement, and this issue is potentially even more worrisome for the Communist governments than the human-rights issue.

THE GOVERNMENTS of the Soviet bloc are afraid of independent peace advocacy. They have never forgotten, even if everyone else may have by this time, that the very first—and very successful—Communist peace campaign, Lenin's Bread and Peace campaign during World War I, effectively destroyed the fighting morale of the Russian army. Consequently, although they have found "peace" a marvelous foreign-policy tool, the commissars have always been nervous about it. It is a sort of political TNT, useful to wreck the enemy's positions, but to be handled with extreme care and under the strictest government control. Their Newspeak rigorously distinguishes "the struggle for peace" (laudable government-inspired and -conducted peace propaganda) from any spontaneous peace advocacy by unauthorized persons, which is "pacifism"—a bad word, and a deadly deviation.

But the new independent spokesmen for peace behind the Iron Curtain consider peace too important to be left to politicians and to agitprop. "Whoever endangers the truth in the interest of propaganda endangers peace itself," Prague's Frantisek Cardinal Tomasek told the World Assembly for Peace, Life, and Nuclear Disarmament.

"Politicians cannot be quite objective regarding the questions of disarmament, hampered as they are by their special political interests and obligations," the Moscow group said in its first proclamation (signed to date by more than one thousand sympathizers); therefore, "We propose a four-sided discussion in which the Soviet and the American publics should be included enjoying equal rights."

But in order to form an intelligent opinion on such questions, citizens must be well informed, "which means that all parties [to the arms negotiations] should acquaint the inhabitants of their countries not only with their own proposals, data, and statistics, but also with those of the other parties," the Charter 77 Movement said in an open letter to the World Assembly for Peace; while the Moscow group proposed a bulletin, jointly published by the U.S. and Soviet governments, which would contain the same data. Access to information and ability to influence the government's arms policy, however, necessarily require certain civil liberties, as all the peace activists in the Soviet bloc clearly realize; and this, in their eyes, ties the peace issue to the issue of human rights and, ultimately, to freedom. To quote Cardinal Tomasek again: "For peace remains but an empty word . . . if it does not evolve in a social order based on truth and justice, buttressed by genuine love of one's neighbor, and brought to fruition in liberty."

As against the official propaganda of the Eastern bloc, which blames the U.S. for the arms race, independent activists stress objectivity and even-handedness. The Moscow group does "not want to accuse either side . . . of having any aggressive plans for the future." And the East German Protestant churches, in a joint declaration with West German Protestants, state: "Each side must take the security needs of the other side into consideration . . . Both sides must reduce those factors which arouse mistrust and fear."

Miss Jicinski works for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty in New York.

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Beyond these shared concerns, however, the various groups also speak out on local peace-related issues, even some that until now have been taboo, since they involve only one of the big powers, the USSR. In Czechoslovakia, on the 15th anniversary of the Soviet invasion, Charter 77 wrote a letter to the Czechoslovakian parliament asking whether the Soviet troops "temporarily" stationed on Czech territory in 1968 should not finally be withdrawn, which would "doubtless strengthen the peace in Central Europe." And with the Soviet decision to station its SS-20s in Eastern Europe, peace protest became a mass movement. Protest petitions were circulated for signatures in schools and factories in several cities. Most were promptly confiscated by the police. But one petition, signed by 939 people, reached both President Husak and some émigré publications in the West. It said: "If we are really sincere about peace . . . we must protest against nuclear arms anywhere in the world. Therefore, we protest against their stationing in Czechoslovakia." Meanwhile, the official press in Prague cautiously admitted it also got many protests from its readers—or, as it put it, from readers "who did not understand" the decision.

In East Germany at about the same time, the Protestant churches demanded that no new short-range Soviet rockets be based on East German territory. But in East Germany the main target of the churches and the "peace discussion groups" (made up mostly of students and young workers) is what they call the general "militarization of life." They speak against paramilitary education in the schools and demand conscientious-objector status for military recruits. Even there, though, with a peace discussion group in every large town, the peace movement was described by a West German author as "more a mood than a movement."

Yet it is the mood that worries the authorities. The same mood that surfaced in Wenceslaus Square at the time of the World Assembly for Peace meeting in Prague, where three hundred young people staged their very own peace demonstration, shouting "Down with the army!" "We want peace and freedom!" "Disarm the soldiers!" "Neutrality!" The mood that in the USSR itself was excoriated by then Marshal Ogarkov two years ago. He charged Soviet youth with complacency, unconcern, and a "simplistic view" that "any kind of peace is good and any kind of war is bad."

The Communist regimes' more immediate problem is that these gatecrashers into their mighty peace campaign are heartily championed by many "peace fighters" in the West. On the Western European Left, supporting human-rights activists and peace advocates in the Soviet realm has become almost a new radical chic. During the World Assembly for Peace meeting in Prague, all the pillars of the Western peace campaign made a point of visiting with Charter 77 representatives (who were barred from the sessions); and a group of Green Party deputies even signed a joint declaration with them that termed the issues of peace and human rights "indivisible." However, while many on the Left have now regained sight in one eye, and can see the Soviet Union as an oppressor, few of them can yet see it as an aggressor; and it is in this respect that the educational influence of Eastern European peace advocates is now beginning to be felt. The question of evenhandedness—whether to blame just the U.S. or both the big powers—has lately caused acrimonious dissension, and even a partial split, within the West German peace camp. Which considerably complicates matters for Moscow.

As the Communist regimes know, the peace advocates, though few, speak for millions; and their courage makes their voices more influential with the West than their numbers would lead one to expect. Therefore, they are viciously persecuted. In Hungary, the Peace Group for Dialogue was forced to disband and driven underground. In East Germany; members of the most outspoken peace group have been forced to emigrate; draft-dodgers and conscientious objectors draw stiff jail sentences. (But their very appearance, especially in the USSR, is news in itself.) In the Soviet Union three members of the Group to Establish Trust were sentenced to jail terms ranging from one year (plus internal exile) to six years; the founder of the group, Sergei Batovrin, was tortured in a *psykhushka* (psychiatric "hospital") and later made to leave the country. Others are being harassed by searches and detention. Nevertheless, new Groups to Establish Trust have sprung up in Akademgorodok (one of the "science towns"—self-contained towns set up as "fortresses" of scientific productivity, away from the distractions of a big city—near Novosibirsk) and in Odessa, while in Moscow an Independent Initiative peace group has been founded. Apparently, a troublesome little white bird straying over the territory of the Soviet empire is not as easily shot down as a civilian airliner. □

Epitaphs

Geologist
Beatified
And docile,
Substratified
As fossil.

Census Taker
A better view
From this new spot:
In heav'n a few,
In hell a lot.

Lawyer
His life arraigned,
He quickly cooled—
No more sustained,
But overruled.

Dancer
She lingers near,
Still on the job,
Performing here
A *danse macabre.*

Decorator
Apartment black,
Of earthen floor,
And utter lack
Of chic décor.

Baker
Life leavened him.
Death ovened him.
So here he lies—
But will he rise?

—Gloria A. Maxson

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A REVISITATION

WHILE VISITING Oxford in the summer of 1983, and browsing in Blackwell's, I realized —a stack of new books announced— that it was not just the eightieth anniversary of the Rhodes Scholarships but the 150th of a less worldly event: the beginning of the Oxford, or Tractarian, Movement.

It was embarrassing not to have remembered. But then, while some were obviously marking the anniversary in print, few seemed to be talking about it, or even aware of it. Indeed, in a *Spectator* sent to me by a friend a few weeks later, I learned that the formal commemorative gathering in the University Parks on the date of Keble's "Assize Sermon" (Bastille Day, oddly, from which the beginnings of the movement are conventionally dated) had been little attended or noticed.

Having made my discovery, I did wander one afternoon into St. Mary's, the university church, where the movement began, and where the young Matthew Arnold had listened, spellbound, to John Henry Newman's four o'clock sermons. Years later, Arnold recalled "the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's . . . and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful." No ghosts of that era seem now to haunt St. Mary's. One heard only the late-afternoon bustle in the brass-rubbing shop. And outside on High Street, trucks and buses labor along with an endless growling of motors and grinding of gears. Only a great effort of imagination today might recapture the quiet of the still rural Oxford of 1833, and Newman's sermonic music.

It is more than a year later; but I am still thinking about this anniversary, and thinking what a shame it is that we let it slip by all but unnoticed.

Newman, by then Cardinal Newman, recalled in his later years that the Oxford Movement had intrigued even "the backwoodsmen of America." It seems a remarkable claim. We know from Dr. Freeman's biography that Robert E. Lee once expressed curiosity about "Puseyism," as it was usually called in America. But he was hardly a backwoodsman. The bishop of North Carolina, who was no backwoodsman either, nearly shattered the Episcopal Church in his diocese by joining Newman in the famous "defection" to Rome in 1845.

STILL, EVEN with 150 years of perspective and a rich controversial literature, it is not easy to see today how this rather parochial controversy within the English church stirred so many, far and near. Perhaps the answer, or one answer, is that in the heyday of the Victorian empire what happened there echoed to so many remote places on the earth.

In one sense, the Oxford Movement was only an episode in the larger drama of a successful political movement, Whig reformism, which gave England the great Reform Bill of 1832 and, if you believe Macaulay and others, saved the country from violent revolution. Indeed, it was a parliamentary bill, a typical piece of Whig legislation, that set the Tractarians off. The bill suppressed ten Anglican bishoprics in Ireland. Anglicanism was not the faith of the people of Ireland, only of the Ascendancy; and in London the reformers saw a clear and plausible case for making better use of church resources, while removing an irritant.

The suppression of the Anglican sees was not viewed in that constructive light by Newman, Keble, and their friends in Oxford. It happened that John Keble, a young fellow of Oriel College, of Tory and High Church connections, had been designated to preach the yearly "Assize Sermon" before the assembled judges of the land. He chose as his theme "national apostasy." He said it was a sin against the Holy Ghost for a civil government to lay rude hands upon the church in such a manner. English governments had been doing such things since at least the time of Henry II. Yet, strangely, Keble had struck a nerve. England, he said, was a Christian society. To tamper with the church, the divinely inspired source of all secular authority, was impiety.

But why now, and not before? Well, other recent Whig reforms had opened Parliament to "dissenters," and even nonbelievers. They could now join in decisions about the future of the church. The Erastian settlement had been tolerable so long as all voting members of Parliament were of the church. But now the destiny of the church was subject to the arbitrament of outsiders; and if even unbelievers could determine its forms and doctrines, where might "reform" stop? Was the Church of England a mere civil institution, a loose assemblage of pious volunteers to be buffeted by the winds of secular fashion? Or was it divinely ordained, the Body of Christ, the creation of the Apostles?

These were hardly new questions in 1833, but no one had posed them so

Mr. Yoder, editorial-page editor of the late Washington Star, *is currently working on a dual study of former Supreme Court Justices Hugo Black and Robert Jackson.*

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fervently for a long time. And once asked they demanded answers. Soon, with Newman now taking the lead, the Oxford party was writing and issuing its "Tracts for the Times." There would be ninety of them in all, spanning eight years. Hence, "Tractarians."

It is a label, like many another known to history, that originated in a sneer but soon subsided to a neutral descriptiveness. The Tractarians were soon deep into theological and historical issues. Saints, the writings of the Church Fathers, the murky channels of the apostolic succession—all were meat for pamphleteering and debate.

To the Whig-minded, as we might call them for convenience, and even for quite a few good old Tory country gentlemen, it all seemed distinctly alarming: a dangerous and unsettling business. After so many blood-sealed compromises, the Church of England was not so structured as to satisfy a strictly logical mind. If anomaly was not its middle name, it was central to its character. Historically "Protestant" (as the term was understood early in the reign of Elizabeth I), its liturgical forms were "Catholic," while the 39 Articles of Religion were . . . what? Calvinist, it had been assumed. Newman, struggling to braid these disparate strands of tradition and to reconcile the Calvinist tenor of some of the Articles with his claim that the Church was truly Catholic and apostolic, launched the famous, explosive Tract 90. The Articles, he argued, are not so Genevan as they seem. He was in earnest, incapable of being otherwise, but it was from this ingenious and intricate argument that he gained a certain reputation for being sly and sophistical. He was neither; but the canard was to have explosive consequences.

Ultimately, this eloquent summons to renew the Catholic and apostolic spirit of the Church of England seemed to falter and fail. Anglicanism parted uneasily and slowly with a tradition so deeply woven into the web of law. Yet the Tractarians clearly had a compelling point. If the Whigs prevailed, if Parliament could do almost anything short of declaring the national faith to be Muslim (and maybe even that), could the church think of itself as anything other than a branch of the Home Office? This great question was, in a way, left hanging by the events of 1845. In that climactic year, the massed powers of Oxford, the heads of colleges, seemed determined to suppress or silence the Tractarian movement; it was the year of Newman's withdrawal to his retreat at Littlemore, and subsequently, in spirit, to Rome. The battle seemed lost, but in fact the war (at least for a renewal of Catholicity) had been won.

THE TRACTARIANS were priests and poets of exceptional literary power; and it is remarkable how few Victorian writers of note escaped the touch of the Oxford controversy. From Arnold to George Eliot, from Clough ("Say not the struggle naught availeth") to the Rossettis, from Pater to Macaulay and Froude among historians: all felt its spell. It was a formative force in the sensibility of the age, secular no less than religious.

Its monument is Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, his sublime account of the evolution of his religious views, written under sore provocation twenty years after his famous "defection" to Rome. I noted earlier that Tract 90 had unfairly gained for Father Newman the reputation of a sophist. Charles Kingsley, a noted popular writer (and clergyman), accused Newman of sanctioning deceit as a weapon of controversy. *O felix culpa!* The charge was false, of course, but it stirred Newman to write the *Apologia*, an English classic.

Yet the highly allusive *Apologia* demands some preliminary grasp of the controversy. And the best, the clearest and fairest, source of background is R. W. Church's *History of the Oxford Movement*. Church, dean of St. Paul's, had been in Oxford as a student and fellow when the crisis came in the 1840s. He had observed and regretted the blindness (as he saw it) of some of the university authorities to the virtues of Newman, Pusey, and their followers. He saw the treatment of the Tractarians as a dark day in the university's history. His book, written in old age and published only after his death, is a great historical classic, blending sympathy with vivid portraits of the principal figures.

The most vital of the eyewitness chroniclers, however, was James Anthony Froude, the historian. As a young man at Oxford he had followed Newman, as had Matthew Arnold. ("*Credo in Newmanum*" was an Oxford saying of the time.) Later he had become a skeptic and freethinker. His brother, Hurrell, had been among the original leaders of the movement, a great friend of and influence on Newman before his early death in 1836. Hurrell Froude's *Remains*, diaries and letters published posthumously, had fueled and fanned the scare that the Tractarians were "Popish" in tendency if not in intention. This was an alarmist prophecy, yet in some cases, notably Newman's, self-fulfilling. Among other indiscretions, Hurrell Froude had mused that the English Reformation was "a broken limb, badly set," which would require rebreaking and resetting. Ironically, but perhaps inevitably, his younger brother would survive to write an amiable skeptic's account of *The Oxford Counter-Reformation*. Froude's account is witty, mellow, engaging, notable for its view that both the Tractarians and their foes were "extremists" who failed to grasp the inward genius of Anglicanism. It is not the view of a believer, but its underlying tone of gentle skepticism does not cheapen it.

The centenary of the Oxford Movement, in 1933, begot some interesting histories, none more readable than Geoffrey Faber's *Oxford Apostles*. It was widely read when I was a student in Oxford in the mid-1950s, less out of eagerness to understand the mind of the Tractarians than out of a fascination with its Freudian slant, which renders it in places facile. It is very good; but not to be taken without antidote.

When I made my brief, hurried pilgrimage to St. Mary's on the eve of the observances, I couldn't help asking myself what it all came to in the end, if so few seemed any longer interested. "Wherever two or three are gathered together . . ."? Yes, to be sure. But was it really a turbulence of frightened ecclesiastical reactionaries, a flourishing of romantics weaving a storybook tradition from thin air? Romanticism and nostalgia, or indeed reaction, are not reliable guides to the Oxford Movement—or to the related growth of ritualism and Gothic Revival architecture that came after. Its leaders were men of an austere piety and spirituality, a lofty if cloistered idealism, passionate to rescue the national church from a smothering and demeaning political control. The light they kindled burns low, perhaps, in a secular age; but still it burns. □

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WOMEN, HERE AND THERE

WHEN RADICAL feminism erupted in the United States, the prevailing view in Europe was one of bemused puzzlement. Up until then, most Europeans had thought of the United States as a matriarchy. When I first arrived in America, I took this view for granted, but after several years I realized that it was one of the many myths that have been exported about God's own country. American men, it is true, are more chivalrous toward women than Continental European men, but American men, it is also true, take women less seriously in human terms.

This is probably a result of America's Northern European heritage. Johanna Schopenhauer, mother of the famous philosopher and herself a best-selling author, visited the British Isles in 1806-07; if you read her memoirs you will find a clever woman's reaction to the position of English and Scottish women at that time.

Frau Schopenhauer felt that, though very nicely treated, she was never considered an equal by men. And Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of America's Founding Fathers, who visited Europe in the early 1780s, found that French women had a much higher status and were much more cultured than their English sisters. Just prior to World War I, another American, Randolph Bourne, received the same impression, as did my wife and I, having lived in both Britain and the United States.

Foreigners often notice that women somehow "irritate" American men. It was only recently that the Ivy League and other top universities started admitting women, and I remember an airline offering special flights between San Francisco and Los Angeles "for gentlemen only." In Britain as well as in America, various clubs offer men refuge from women (and, to a certain extent, women refuge from men). No wonder that Continental European visitors, like Simone de Beauvoir, Sigrid Undset, and Maurice Sachs, have been struck by the misogyny in America.

When considering the position of European women, one must distinguish three areas: the north, the middle (from France to Russia), and the south. In the north we find patriarchal influences and in the deep south Islamic influences; neither is conducive to amicable male-female relationships. Although the legal emancipation of women originated in the north, it had surprisingly little influence on human relations.

The first European country to give women the right to vote was the Grand Duchy of Finland—then under Russian sovereignty—in 1906. (The law was promulgated over the signature of Nicholas II.) Most of the Scandinavian countries followed suit just prior to or during the First World War, and Germany and Austria did so in 1919—all ahead of the United States and Britain. France introduced a law for female suffrage in 1944; Switzerland did so in 1981. Why so late? Probably because Switzerland is a "military democracy," and only the soldier was deemed a "true citizen."

With the exception of Switzerland, women in the "midriff" of the Continent have always represented an important element in all areas of life. Whatever political or cultural aspect you consider—France under the *Ancien Régime* (or even during the Revolution), early French letters, German intellectual life, the social history of East Central Europe and Russia—each testifies to the important influence of women. (No club life there, no Oddfellows, Elks, Kiwanis, or Knights of Columbus to escape female company.) What would France be without the *salons littéraires*, *artistiques*, or *politiques*? To bring his *esprit* to full development a man needs female inspiration.

But the peoples in the "midriff" countries also have an awareness that men and women are radically different —not superior or inferior to each other, just different. The gender differences are taken to be natural; there is no need for overemphasis of one's male or female qualities. A Russian or a French woman, for example, is taken seriously; and an Austrian male who acts *macho* is merely ridiculous.

WHAT WOMEN on the Continent really want is quite simple: love, friendship, and a good family life. (This last can be said for men also. A recent poll revealed that 79 per cent of men think a good family life is the quintessence of happiness.) As is true everywhere, the appreciation of women increases from the bottom to the top social layers. But the differences in that respect between the "midriff" and the north (plus Switzerland) has denominational aspects.

Luther and Calvin established very masculine religions, whereas the Catholic and the Eastern religions, which venerate the Mother of Christ, have greatly enhanced the esteem in which women are held. As for the saints, the number of men and women among them is about the same. Their spiritual equality is considered more important than all the other potential equalities. And justice is not equality but, in Ulpian's dictum: *Suum cuique*—to everyone his due. To play the specific part assigned to each of us, should this not make us happy? □

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THE GOOD MAN SPEAKING WELL

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on December 13, 1784, Samuel Johnson died in London, loved and venerated by those who knew him best and immortalized a few years later in James Boswell's classical biography. Johnson's greatness of spirit, mind, character, conduct, and art, his "great-souledness" or magnanimity, his piety and eloquence, are so overwhelmingly obvious and affecting to those who know his writings that it is often only with impatience that they can write about him (as opposed to quoting from him). When asked recently by Elton Trueblood who was "the greatest Englishman who ever lived," Malcolm Muggeridge replied without hesitation, "Dr. Johnson"; the scholar H. W. Donner doubts "whether any critic after Aristotle has carried more weight" than Johnson; and many would be inclined to apply to Johnson himself the description that he gave to Sir Thomas More: "the person of the greatest virtue these islands ever produced."

Newman remarked Johnson's "great vigor and resource of intellect" united with "a rare common sense and a conscientious regard for veracity"; Chesterton, who wrote a fine play about him, said of Johnson that he is "immortal" because he "judged all things with a gigantic and detached common sense"; while C. S. Lewis says that there are three great, inimitable, unique, authoritative voices in the history of Western moral culture, which everyone deeply acquainted with it thinks he knows—those of Socrates, Jesus, and Johnson.

A brief glance at almost any issue of the admirable little quarterly *Johnsonian News Letter*, founded by the great Johnson scholar James L. Clifford of Columbia and now edited there by Professor John H. Middendorf (610 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027; $5 per year), will reveal how catholic is Johnson's appeal in our various world. Scholars, writers, readers, souls all over the globe, from Cairo to Melbourne, from Johannesburg to Los Angeles—large numbers of them people without any particular background in "Eng Lit"—find something in Johnson that they find in no other voice, save perhaps that of the Lord whom Johnson so faithfully served.

Only the two great dramatic and narrative geniuses of our literature, Shakespeare and Dickens respectively, may be said to exercise so wide an appeal; and Johnson never wrote extensively in their popular fictional and dramatic genres. Dickens was aptly called "the great Christian" by Dostoyevsky; Shakespeare's voice, as Johnson himself noted, is the voice of humanity itself. Johnson's voice, by contrast, is the voice of one person—with a view as wide as the world, to be sure; but the voice of one person nonetheless, unique and extraordinary at the same time that it is general and typical: unique in fact in its very generality and universality. To adapt the words of a modern poet, Johnson is "the impossible possible philosophers' man, / The man who has had time to think enough, / The central man."

Take an instance in which at least part of Johnson's point has been rendered mortal by the passage of time, the famous lines contributed to Goldsmith's "The Traveler":

> *How small, of all that human hearts endure,*
> *That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.*
> *Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,*
> *Our own felicity we make or find.*

Clearly Johnson could have had no idea of the political enormities and nightmares that lay in the future, in the much-heralded age of "progress" and rationality foretold by those French *philosophes* whom he so despised for their impiety and wrong-headedness, the age kicked off by Voltaire and Rousseau and initiated in earnest by the French Revolution.

The literature of Dostoyevsky, Kafka, and Solzhenitsyn speaks of a world that Johnson, as unillusioned and unsentimental as he was about human nature, never envisioned. We now know all too well how *large* a part "of all that human hearts endure" laws and kings, equipped with massive technological powers, *can* cause. But, if one may risk saying so, Johnson's insight goes deeper, so deep that Joseph Wood Krutch attributed to him, profoundly Christian as he was, the "tragic sense of life." Our deepest and most important struggles, Johnson is saying, are usually not with our environments or our fellows, but with ourselves. "I do not know the man so bold," says Emily Dickinson,

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"who dares in lonely place, / That awful stranger consciousness deliberately face." Johnson unflinchingly faced the stranger, but with none of the masochism, self-dramatization, and self-pity that are characteristic of the Romantic and modern tempers. He wished and worked to be happy, despite crippling disabilities, disadvantages, hardships, and setbacks, and to make others happy; and he saw in loving God and serving his fellows the right way to accomplish these ends: "each laboring for his own happiness, by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happiness of others." "The business of a wise man," he said to Boswell, "is to be happy."

Johnson's charitable acts are as famous now as they were unostentatious then; his house was often a veritable menagerie and always a resort for the unfortunate, however unattractive. In Joseph Wood Krutch's delightful imaginary dialogue between Johnson and Thoreau, "The Last Boswell Paper," he catches the truth of Johnson's Christian attitude and actions, and even something of his voice: "Several poor wretches live in my house. They do not contribute to its peace. But if they did not live there I do not know where they would live." And however much Krutch also admired Thoreau, the latter can hardly help sounding thin, glib, and eccentric by comparison, both in the imaginary dialogue and in actual life and work. Johnson has precisely that intellectual, moral, social, and religious ballast and balance that so many of our notable American writers—Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville—so signally lack; a quality that critics from Poe through Santayana to Mark Van Doren and Quentin Anderson have shown to be lacking in them, and which Emerson himself admired in the English at their best. "A strong common sense, which is not easy to unseat or disturb, marks the English mind for a thousand years," he wrote in 1856 in *English Traits*, attributing to the nation and culture the quality that both Newman and Chesterton attributed to Johnson himself in the highest degree. Of our great American writers, in fact, the two most traditional, social, and ethical—Hawthorne and Eliot—venerated Johnson. Hawthorne visited Lichfield, the town of Johnson's birth, as well as Uttoxeter and other sites important in Johnson's life, on "one of the few purely sentimental pilgrimages" of his life; he walked through the house where Johnson was born and touched things in it "because Johnson's hand and foot might have been in those same places."

The adherence of such writers as Eliot, Lewis, and F. R. Leavis to Johnson is less sentimental and more philosophical and ethical; for them his life, standards, and writings represent and transmit the deepest and soundest moral imagination that literature has ever attained, or life reflected. "Johnson is not," Leavis writes, "like the Romantic poet, the enemy of society, but consciously its representative and its voice, and it is his strength—something inseparable from his greatness—to be so." But Johnson's idea of society was moral, and he constantly fought for it. What he said of Addison was still truer of himself: "He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in observing whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it." The "laid-back," "tolerant" modern would find him intolerably moralistic, bigoted, sanctimonious, self-righteous, and opinionated, all words that we often employ to hide or justify our own laxity. (As Ogden Nash put it, "what is really mine, / Tolerance, or a rubber spine?")

The truth is that Johnson prepared the way for the great ethical Victorians (e.g., in his hatred of slavery and imperialism and, more generally, of superficiality, amorality, and egotism); for the recovery of the Classical/Christian tradition by writers such as Chesterton, Eliot, and Lewis; and for centrality of belief, thought, and practice anywhere and at any time. He is the least eccentric and provincial of all writers, and therefore he is especially tonic in our time, when, as Joseph Mazzeo has put it, "the idiosyncratic has triumphed over the normative"; and in our place—America—where, as Steven Marcus observed some years ago, "We are still, as Matthew Arnold said of us, . . . a provincial and decentralized society, a society without a center of cultural intelligence and sanity."

No one in life or art provides that intelligence and sanity more dependably than Johnson—a point that Eliot understood, and that a host of recent scholars, including Clifford, Jeffrey Hart, and Donald Greene, have documented. "Without intelligence man is not social, he is only gregarious," Johnson wrote in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. This conception of intelligence is insistently, and to many modern ears almost obsessively, moral, for Johnson believed that "he that thinks reasonably must

RANDOM NOTES

☐ More December Titles: *The Crucible of War: Year of Alamein, 1942, Volume II* (Jonathan Cape/Merrimack, $24.95), by Barrie Pitt, is the second volume in the author's projected trilogy about El Alamein, the battle between the British Eighth Army and the German-Italian troops commanded by Field Marshal Rommel, which proved to be one of the turning points of World War II.

In *Albert Speer: The End of a Myth* (St. Martin's, $14.95), by Matthias Schmidt and translated by Joachim Neugroschel, a German historian privy to the office journal kept by a Speer intimate from 1941 to 1944 makes the case that this "good Nazi" was rather a talented evader and prevaricator with a genius for self-exculpation and -promotion.

Matisse (Rizzoli, $95), by Pierre Schneider and translated by Michael Taylor and Bridget Strevens Romer, is a 752-page study of the meaning of the artist's pictures, receiving lavish and simultaneous publication in the U.S., England, France, Germany, and Italy. The volume contains 930 plates, 230 of them in color, and scores of which reproduce works never before accorded that attention.

☐ Coming in January: In *Rethinking the Soviet Experience: Politics and History since 1917* (Oxford, $17.95), the revisionist historian Stephen F. Cohen argues that between Leninism and Stalinism there was no programmatic continuity; that Bukharin and the New Economic Policy (1921-29) represented a genuine alternative to Stalin's policies; and that the philosophic tendencies underlying it may still emerge, despite the humiliation of Khrushchev and the rise of neo-Stalinism.

Richard H. Pells, author of *The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age: American Intellectuals in the 1940s and 1950s* (Harper & Row, $18.95), is concerned about the ambivalent situation in which American thinkers of a certain persuasion—many of them disillusioned ex-Communists and ex-radicals—found themselves as a result of both their country's accession to the status of a superpower and its powerful rejection of the values and ideas they themselves had formerly espoused. —CW

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think morally" and insisted, in his lives of Milton and Addison and elsewhere, on the inescapability of moral awareness and obligation as the chief feature of the rational person and of the decent society. ("Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and all places"; and "we are perpetually moralists.") With great pathos and prescience, Johnson dreaded instances when "society is dissolved into a tumult of individuals, without authority to command, or obligation to obey," where only power and appetite reign. He loved "decent Godly order."

For Johnson, as for his great friend Burke, the heart of society, civilization, and moral order is theism. He would have agreed with the current Wykeham Professor of Logic at Oxford (and would have been delighted that he succeeded an atheist in that Chair) in saying that there is "no satisfactory account of truth or ethics without theism." Johnson was a "mere Christian" who insisted to Boswell that, "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious" (June 25, 1763). Yet he knew, as he fought, the acids of skepticism: "Every thing which Hume has advanced against Christianity had passed through my mind long before he wrote. . . . Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull" (July 21, 1763). And he hated smugness and bigotry: "Why, Madam, the greatest part of our knowledge is implicit faith; and as to religion, have we heard all that a disciple of Confucius, all that a Mahometan, can say for himself?" (April 15, 1778). His rational, orthodox, Christian theism had the same balanced quality and character that he attributed to Addison's: a faith "neither weakly credulous nor wantonly skeptical."

But life is more than mind and spirit, as Johnson knew: "To write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise

virtue, do no more than praise it." Or as Auden put it, "Lord, forgive the treason of all clerks, / Whose lives are so much worse than their works." Like Milton, Johnson neither practiced nor could praise a "cloistered virtue"; he lived a life that was in many ways agonizingly painful, unhappy, and, until late in life, very poor, in an enormous metropolis seething with misery, poverty, crime, and temptation; and, as his writings show (especially the prayers and diaries), he struggled doggedly against all of them. But he *did* struggle. In him was none of that "Weariness with the striving to be men" that Leslie Fiedler thinks so typical of our time; none of that "weakened sense of human will" that Lionel Trilling came to think "the most distinctive characteristic of the morality of modern times." Johnson had read the seventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; he knew what his task was, and whence his help came. Will, not intellect, is the key problem of the moral life: "Most of the crimes and miseries of our lives," he wrote, "arise rather from negligence than from ignorance."

Neurotic, shambling, unkempt, often melancholy, never elegant or "attractive" in his person, Johnson nevertheless valued society and sociability, and exercised his wit and will constantly to maintain, extend, and improve them. He loved beautiful, gracious, and chaste women, marriage, the home, and the family. The birthplace and chief haven of human happiness was for him neither solitude, city, nor state—neither Walden Pond nor Vanity Fair—but the home ("to be happy at home is the end of all human endeavor"); and after the untimely death of his wife, the home of the Thrales and the company of his friends and dependents provided him with the humane settings he so loved and defended.

Outside the Gospels, no other man's recorded utterances, whether written or spoken, have ever sounded so *earned*, and therefore so trustworthy; this authority is apparent even in brief phrases. Johnson is never gratuitously vague or glib or smug; never irreverent or portentous; and he always spoke to be understood. "Some people," he told Boswell, "tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly, in as intelligible a manner as I can" (March 27, 1775). He loved quotation, and he gloried in accrediting and extending the Classical/Christian tradition, which he thought was the living water of the ages. Defending the practice of quotation against a critic, he forthrightly declared: "No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is community of mind in it."

Johnson's talk and writing always contain this "community of mind" as well as "the observations of a strong mind operating upon life"; yet he was not a gloomy moralist, and always valued good cheer and humor: "The size of a man's understanding," he once said, "might always be justly measured by his mirth." And this is the man who secretly wrote law lectures for the Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford; secretly composed a great series of sermons for John Taylor; wrote some of the greatest poems of the eighteenth century, and one of the greatest of any century; wrote three series of the greatest essays in our language; compiled the first great dictionary of our language, much of which was taken over unchanged by the Oxford English Dictionary; composed *The Lives of the Poets*, the finest short biographies in our language; made some of the finest short translations of classical Greek and

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Latin poetry in existence; wrote powerfully on politics, and especially against imperialism; produced a classic edition of Shakespeare; wrote a novel of which Hilaire Belloc has said, "Every man ought to read *Rasselas*, and every wise man will read it half a dozen times in his life . . . for never was wisdom better put, or more enduringly."

In the admirable *Dictionary Johnson: The Middle Years of Samuel Johnson*, covering the years 1749 to 1763, James L. Clifford noted that at the Ivy Club Johnson was always "uniformly tenacious" when any question of moral obligation was raised, and went on to show how dogged Johnson's ethical imagination was, not only in novel, poems, essays, prayers, and sermons, but in the *Dictionary* itself, "a great storehouse of philosophy, theology, history, and literature . . . an extensive anthology of English prose and verse." There are 116,000 quotations in the *Dictionary*, helping to make it in itself a great work of literature as well as of lexicography, one on which writers such as Carlyle and Browning cut their teeth. In it, as in everything Johnson touched, he was the man of *sapiens et eloquens pietas*—wise and eloquent piety—as well as Quintilian's *bonus rhetor*, the good man speaking well, vindicating, reaffirming, and transmitting a vast body of humane learning and "the ancient orthodox tradition of ethics." To read Johnson, as C. S. Lewis once said of reading Spenser, is "to grow in mental health."

One of the finest recent descriptions of Johnson's mind and spirit was written some years ago for these pages by Joseph Sobran, and it bears repetition as a concluding comment on this massive figure. Johnson, Sobran wrote, "may fairly be called the great champion of the obvious." To him, "the great truths are above all *public*, available equally to all reflective" persons. "When he explains something, however magisterially, it is like the sharing of a common possession, a communion—exactly comparable to the breaking of bread."

Sanity has no stronger defender, piety no more eloquent spokesman, genius no greater example. □

TRAGEDY, ANYONE?

Joseph Sobran

King Lear, Macbeth, Indefinition, & Tragedy,' by Stephen Booth (Yale, 183 pp., $16.95)

Is it still possible for a critic to enlarge our awe of Shakespeare? Yes: Stephen Booth did it a few years ago with his brilliant study of the sonnets, in which he showed how phantasmagorically evocative these neat 14-line packages contrive to be. Now he has done it again with a short book bearing the long title *King Lear, Macbeth, Indefinition, & Tragedy*.

Generations of critics have complained about Shakespeare's "obscurities" and "loose ends." Some have laid it to carelessness, others to a sense of stagecraft that aimed at immediate effects and counted on the theater audience not to notice little inconsistencies. Did Macbeth have children? What happens to Lear's Fool? When could Desdemona have committed adultery?

Booth takes a new approach to such questions. He thinks audiences do pick up troubling little details, and he contends that Shakespeare meant them to. The "loose ends" are actually part of the design.

How so? Booth sees the tragedies as operating at two levels. At the level of our direct attention, they are coherent: We follow the story, we understand the speakers, things make sense. But at the margin of our attention, there is an edge of confusion that irritates our minds and changes the quality of the dramatic experience. We sense that things *aren't* quite making sense.

The rules of Shakespeare's theater require coherence. But Shakespeare creates the dramatic experience of tragedy—what Booth calls "indefinition," tragedy being "a category for what cannot be categorized"—by undermining the obvious coherence in subtly persistent ways. He overloads our intelligence with subplots, confusing similarities (Edmund-Edgar), red herrings, contradictions, baffling imagery ("pity . . . striding the blast" in *Macbeth*), impenetrable syntax.

We need not assume that the harder passages in Shakespeare would have been immediately understood by anyone who spoke "Elizabethan." The verse and grammar of early plays like *Richard III* pose little challenge to the modern ear; those of late plays like *Cymbeline* would defy logic in any age, and were meant to do so. Shakespeare's language gets more ear-teasing in proportion as it gets more poetic, artistic, and powerful.

And that this progress is essential to his artistry may be gathered from his most tremendous effect of "indefinition": in *King Lear*. The play arouses the expectations of a fairy tale, with the ritual of an old king wrongly favoring two wicked daughters over the true (and youngest) one. The ritual quality, however, dissolves into a fearsome maelstrom of hatred and war, madness and thunder. Then the passionate energies wind down and order is restored. *But*—just as it appears that evil is to be punished and virtue rewarded—our expectation is terribly violated by the appearance of Lear with the dead Cordelia. The tragedy occurs just when the coherent story has ended.

Shakespeare creates in his audience the experience of evil by pitting its conventional sense of order (including dramatic order) against unexpected and intellectually unassimilable elements. We discover, disconcertingly, that reality doesn't have the firmness of outline and identity we had believed it to have. It offers injustice, accident, loss, meaninglessness, where we had looked for their opposites.

This is illusion, of course, but it simulates our real-life experience of evil. (If it were anything *but* simulation, we would hardly pay to see it.) Booth even attacks Aristotle for trying to tame the idea of tragedy by reducing it to one more kind of comprehensible genericity, like farce or the detective story. Instead of facing the worst, the Philosopher assures us that there isn't much to face—only a healthy "purgation" of pity and fear. Booth insists that tragedy is *sui generis*.

From this point of view, *Macbeth*

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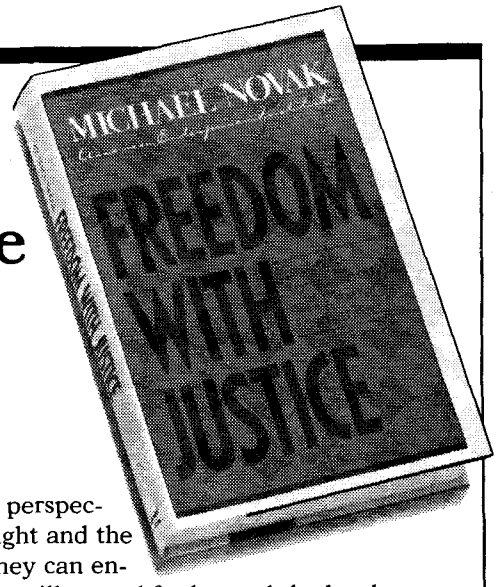
is a supreme *tour de force*, in which we are invited not just to see evil but to view it from the perspective of its agent, whom it finally consumes. Whereas the villainous Richard III is external to us and his career an almost amusing spectacle, we are absorbed by Macbeth's participation in evil in a radically different way: We enter the dark world with him, watching things around us lose their shapes and natures as we share in "a deed without a name." Fair is foul and foul is fair; women are unsexed and bearded; a mother would brain her infant and horses eat each other. Even logic eludes our mental grasp, like the dagger that leads to Duncan. *Richard III*, splendid though it is, never threatens our perspective or our complacency this way; it always allows us to feel in command of our own minds.

Booth thus demolishes any lingering idea that what we feel to be problematic in our reading or viewing of Shakespeare could be disposed of by more and better footnotes. You might as well try to get a better look at an Impressionist painting by getting glasses. Only Shakespeare is "primitive" and "avant-garde" at the same time: He is simple when he wants to be, obscure because he means to be, setting us up for one reaction so he can elicit another.

"What we ask of art is similar to what Lear asks of life," Booth remarks: "We ask that art have sure identity, which is to say, distinct, self-assertive limits. The greatness of Shakespeare derives, I believe, from his special use of literary tools that focus, isolate, and limit." But he uses them both to reinforce and to subvert our sense of identities. Booth meticulously explains how he does this at point after point. His chapter on *Lear* is one of the most illuminating I have ever read. The book as a whole is the most refreshing new approach to Shakespeare in decades; I was beginning to think the "New Criticism" (now old, but still valuable) had left very little to say about the old fellow.

It turns out there's plenty, and it would be interesting to see what Booth would make of *Hamlet*, with its "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls" and "more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy." His method is a rebuke to those (here I beat my breast) who are tempted to resolve the ambiguous

"Could not be more timely or more welcome." †



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motions of Shakespeare's plays into neat schemes of meaning. Booth has the kind of mind that starts its inquiry from the odd piece that others want to throw away because it doesn't seem to fit into the scheme; and he shows that it's the scheme and not the piece that's wrong. He seems to give us new eyes to read the plays with. May his next book be soon. □

BELLOC'S BOSWELL

Robert Royal

Hilaire Belloc: A Biography, by A. N. Wilson (Atheneum, 398 pp., $17.95)

THE FIGURE in the history of English letters who best bears comparison with Hilaire Belloc is Doctor Johnson. Both were larger than life in natural generosity and wit, religious in eccentric ways, by turns appalling, bullying, and endearing in personal habits and relations. Both were also geniuses who now go largely unread. Johnson survives mainly through Boswell. Belloc, though A. N. Wilson has done a remarkably good job in this book, seems doomed forever to lack the wider audience he deserves.

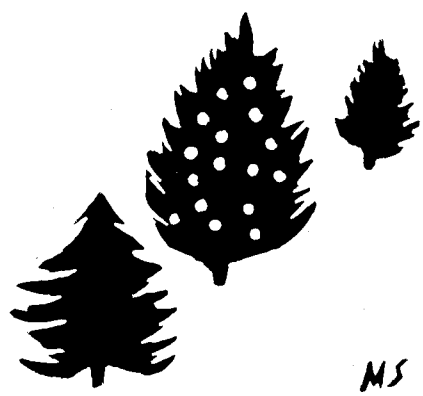
For the few Belloc aficionados, the last point needs no explanation. For the many others who, in the current state of our literary culture, have never been introduced to Belloc, I can only offer a suggestion: read *The Path to Rome*, *The Voyage of the Nona*, *The Servile State*, and the comic verse (Wilson quotes this gem, which I had never seen before, "The world is full of double beds / And most delightful maidenheads, / Which being so, there's no excuse / For sodomy or self-abuse"). In style and substance, these stand out from similar works by better-known writers in the early part of the twentieth century.

Belloc was a prodigiously prolific writer who lived by his pen and produced more than 150 books, many of them poorly researched hack work. But the books I have mentioned, and several others besides, are so obviously brilliant that the reasons for the neglect of them must be sought elsewhere.

To begin with there was Belloc's brusque Catholicism. Belloc was born in France of a French father and an Irish mother, who was a convert. Educated in British schools and at Oxford, he was all his life a violent antagonist of all that was religiously insular in England. The antagonism was sharpened by what he regarded as anti-Catholicism in Oxford's refusing him a fellowship to All Souls. Actually his domineering manner probably contributed more to this result than prejudice, but Oxford dons were to be the objects of unrelieved satire in Belloc's work ever after.

One of his avowed goals was to break through the complacent religious sectarianism and atheistic anti-Catholicism (mostly derived from Gibbon) of his time. As he was to phrase it in the 1920s, he wanted to create a climate in which "a man who does not accept the Faith writes himself down provincial." In these carelessly ecumenical days this may seem needlessly belligerent. When Belloc wrote, however, the Whig View of History was still virulent. Among other things, it disfigured the story of the Reformation and the entire history of Catholicism. That this is no longer completely so owes a great deal to Belloc's willingness to expose himself to ridicule in his striking historical biographies and other studies.

Belloc's often-quoted remark, "Europe is the Faith; the Faith is Europe," Wilson rightly says, has been misunderstood. Belloc was not saying that the Church is a European thing, or that it should be restricted to Europe (he expected Asia and Africa to play a large role in the Church's future). Instead, he meant that European civilization is the product of the Catholic Faith and that without the Faith, Europe was finished. Much of his work is aimed precisely at recovering the *disjecta membra* of true European culture that have managed to survive into the modern world. When he is hiking through a European landscape shaped by centuries of human habitation, or singing the praises of bread and wine (sacred and non), or ruminating on one of the old peasant songs so dear to him, he becomes an almost magically evocative representative of the old, great tradition.



Belloc's views on politics and economics, offshoots of his basic religious vision, are also often misunderstood by the British and Americans because his opinions fly in the face of our simple *idées reçues*. His hatred of Bolshevism was, of course, profound. For him, it willfully sought the end of those unbought graces of life that he most valued in the world. Yet he probably would have found defenses of the spirit of democratic capitalism incomprehensible. In *The Servile State* he defined capitalism as the system that made the average man a wage slave and Marxism as the system that enslaved man to the state. The remedy in both cases was the wider distribution of private property. This remedy, which he and Chesterton dubbed Distributism, incorporated ideas derived from the medieval guilds to ward off the evils of the two main modern forms of mass organization.

Belloc was a monarchist because he believed that only a king could break the stranglehold of the "money power" on most of the European governments. Paradoxically, he also wrote approvingly of the French Revolution. For him, the Revolution was not the violent utopian impulse described by Burke, but an authentic popular reaction in the best feudal tradition, which sanctioned breaking the bonds of fealty to a lord when the lord was no longer living up to his proper contractual agreements. Louis XVI and his immediate predecessors had simply overstepped the bounds of a king's power; the popular will had set things right again. Because of his religious enthusiasms, however, Belloc regarded the English regicides and the Glorious Revolution as nothing but the fruits of a rich Protestant oligarchy refusing proper submission to their king.

Anti-Semitism is a charge that is often brought against Belloc. Wilson documents that there was often more heat than light in Belloc's remarks about Jews. The dust-jacket writer apparently did not read this book and thought it

Robert Royal works for the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

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safe to say that Wilson shows Belloc's anti-Semitism "was an outgrowth of the Catholic orthodoxy of his time." Wilson never shows any such thing, and while he discusses Belloc's prejudices frankly he also admits that Belloc identified an irreducible problem in relations between Christians and Jews that the latter have also begun to appreciate. As one Jewish scholar put it recently in *Commentary*, "We cannot hope to smooth away the Jewish-Christian conflict by reducing it to a family quarrel between two groups that are basically akin." Anyone interested in weighing Belloc's views on the subject should take a careful look into his book *The Jews*.

Belloc's literary reputation has been overshadowed, even among those most likely to appreciate him, by his friendship with G. K. Chesterton. According to Wilson, however, this friendship was not all it is commonly taken to be. For many, it will come as a surprise to hear that Chesterton was Belloc's pupil rather than the other way around. Readers of C. S. Lewis may recall that he decried Belloc as an evil influence on Chesterton's thought. Belloc, for his part, hardly read any of Chesterton's books. He admired *Heretics* wholeheartedly, and some of Chesterton's poems. But when he tried after Chesterton's death to read *The Everlasting Man*—one of the greatest of GKC's books—he found Chesterton's style unreadable and pronounced his thought whimsical and sentimental.

Belloc's true Penelope was P. G. Wodehouse. The affinities of these two comic geniuses are obvious, but Wilson relates that late in life Belloc read Wodehouse "with the satisfied intentness of an old priest poring over his breviary."

Given Belloc's abrasive manner and peculiarities of thought it is not surprising that he has failed to attract a larger audience. But many other authors of the same period—Shaw, for example—are still read in spite of their eccentricities. Belloc has clearly been neglected because of his sharp opposition to almost everything that has become part of the liberal modern world. That world will not care to read Belloc, but those who pick up his best books to savor his historical imagination, the overall keenness of his mind, and the simple force of his prose will need no other reason to return to him again and again. □

DELECTATIONS

DE-FRAZZLING THE HOLIDAYS

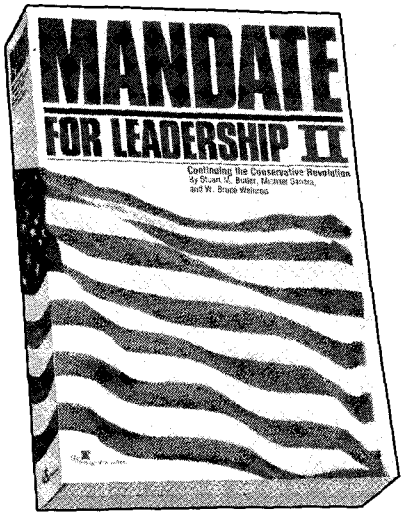
Nika Hazelton

A FEW YEARS AGO, I was on a Christmas talk show with one of the more celebrated ladies of the women's lib movement; a prudent regard for the law might suggest that I not mention her name. She was a nice, pretty woman, but my, oh my, was she full of self-pity, wailing that during these festive days she was really alone, that nobody loved her as she deserved to be loved, and so on and on. Let us tiptoe away from the debate that followed when, to the talk-show host's dismay, I rose in anger and asked her why on earth she did not while away her empty days and evenings by going to a hospital and being useful to the sick. It works wonders in making one forget one's own troubles, I assured her; and I know, because being useful to the sick got me over several bad Christmases in my own life. Enough of my being pious on the subject—this is only meant to show that it is silly to suffer when one does not have to. (You can see that the finer points of masochism are lost on me.) Which

"...One of the people it's been most useful to and used by is me."

Ronald Reagan

on Mandate for Leadership I



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brings me to the point of this Delectations: Do something this Christmas for somebody else, whether it is someone you know who needs help, or a total stranger in a hospital somewhere.

But first of all, you have to realize that you can't do anything for anybody else in the true sense of the word if you are frazzled yourself with the brouhaha of the season. There is nothing we can do (at least I don't know what to do) about the horrible commercialism and materialism of Christmas shopping, which now begins even before Thanksgiving and makes me wish to own no more than will go into an oatmeal box; Christmas has become a media hype as well. But we can put some distance between us and "them" by not paying attention to anything we don't think worth while, meaning largely standing up to the kids and saying no to their (most likely) exaggerated Christmas demands and expectations. Also, for the sake of sanity as Christmas draws nearer, even if you are not going to abide by it, it pays to write down what has to be done when and where in the way of Christmas preparations.

It also pays to save one's energies by not attempting to dazzle the folks with the perfect party; if you have to dazzle, take your guests to a fine restaurant or employ a good caterer. And it pays to give to a charity (in the recipient's name) whatever you would spend on someone who has everything already; if you can't do this, give the owner of all things desirable a guard dog, because the more you have, the more guard dogs you need.

What I do recommend heartily is a few simple meals after the holiday gorging. Easy meals—easy on the purse and on the innards, and based on pasta, which men, women, and children all like and which will soothe frazzled dispositions. The recipes come from my new paperback, *Nika Hazelton's Pasta Cookbook* (Ballantine Books).

Peppers, Onions, and Tomatoes

6 servings

Versions of this dish are found from Rome on south, some with fewer peppers or onions, others containing olives, capers, or anchovies. They all taste good—so make up the dish to your liking and serve hot or cold as an antipasto, as a side dish, or as a sauce for pasta, freshly cooked, of course. (It will sauce a pound of spaghetti or other pasta.)

¼ cup olive oil
3 large onions, thinly sliced
1 pound ripe tomatoes, seeded and chopped; or 2 cups drained canned Italian-style tomatoes
¼ cup minced fresh basil leaves, or 1 tablespoon dried
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
6 medium-sized sweet green or red peppers, *cut into strips*

Heat olive oil in a large, heavy saucepan. Add onions and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, for 3 or 4 minutes, or until onions are soft but not brown. Add tomatoes, basil, and salt and pepper to taste, and cook uncovered over low heat for about 10 minutes. Add peppers, cover, and simmer for 10 minutes, or until the peppers are tender.

Super-Quick Vegetable Pasta Orientale

2 servings

This recipe is easily doubled, tripled, or quadrupled.

1 package (10 ounces) frozen stir-fry vegetables
1 cup thinly shredded cooked chicken or other cooked meat (optional)
4 to 6 ounces thin noodles (Oriental or Western), freshly cooked al dente and drained
Butter to taste

Prepare vegetables according to package directions. Add meat and cook 1 or 2 minutes longer, or until heated through. Turn noodles into heated serving dish or individual plates and top with vegetables and butter to taste. Serve hot. □

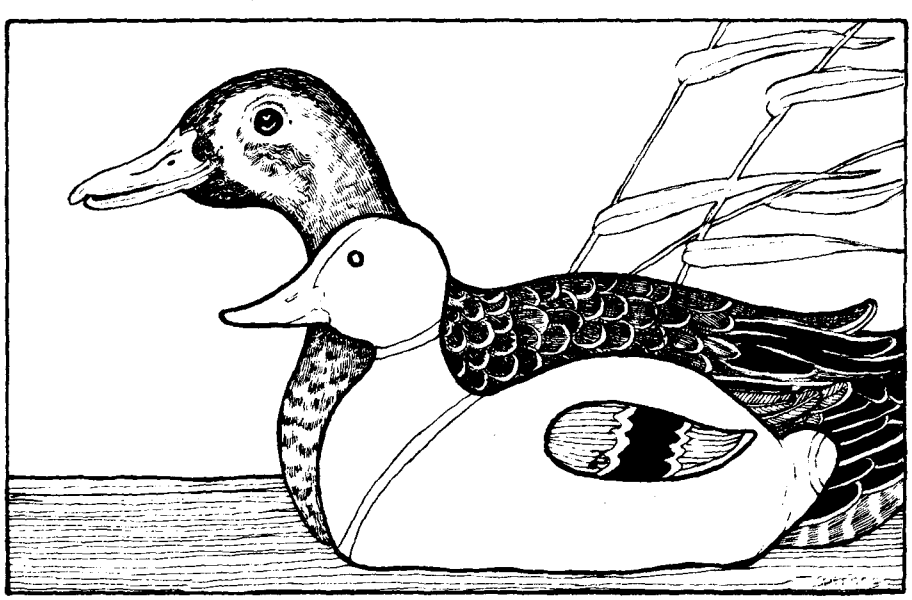
SPORT

A SANTEE-COOPER CHRISTMAS

Priscilla L. Buckley

My brother Reid is much excited. He has the perfect present for me, and he can't wait till Christmas to tell me about it. "Priscilla," he phones, "I'm taking you duck hunting on the Santee-Cooper for your Christmas present. It is wonderful—so beautiful, and you have never seen such duck shooting in all your life. Just ask Tasa [Reid's wife]." Reid's talent for hyperbole is, even for a Buckley, well developed, so I take the last with a grain of salt. He also lets drop that the Santee-Cooper is an hour-and-a-half ride from his home in Camden, South Carolina, which means we will have to leave "a mite early."

As the days roll by, that "mite early" throbs dully like an aching tooth. It won't go away. Reid, as a matter of course, rises at an ungodly hour, and a ninety-minute drive with Reid can be a long ninety minutes. Not that he's not a lovely man, but Reid's conveyances are by Travelall out of Land Rover, camouflage-green hunting vehicles with



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busted springs, layered inside with sodden brown paper bags, dogs, boys, coolers, shotgun shells, guns, gun cases, tormented bits of clothing, and rolling empty Coke and beer bottles.

The scene: A few days later in an old plantation house, where I'm having supper with my old Camden friends Whit and Alice Boykin. They ask what I'm up to this vacation, and I tell them that Reid is taking me hunting on the Santee-Cooper.

"SANTEE-COOPER!" Sheer. Stark. Disbelief. "Priscilla, don't go! Nothing," says Alice, Alice the intrepid sportswoman, "would make me go shooting on the Santee at this time of year."

I must, I say. "It's Reid's Christmas present."

"When?" they ask.

"Tomorrow."

"TOMORROW!" They excuse themselves, to reappear ten minutes later with enough Arctic gear to equip a polar expedition: a down-filled zip-up-the-front camouflage flight suit Alice has worn goose hunting on Maryland's Eastern Shore, gloves, scarves, long underwear, down vests, greatcoats, waders—and two half-pints of Rock 'n' Rye delivered as I depart, with their condolences.

Reid and Tasa pick me up at 3:30 A.M. as agreed. The drive is as long as one knew it would be, and more uncomfortable. The heater isn't working, neither is the windshield wiper. We pull into a ramshackle marina, and out of the pitch black comes a country fellow. "Mawning, Mr. Buckley, should be a great day for the ducks." He spares us the usual spirited recounting of the five thousand he saw on the flyway just last night. We pile the equipment into a long flatboat: four guns, fifty plastic decoys, lunch hamper, shotgun shells, waders, extra clothes, camouflage webbing, four still warm bodies. Reid's Boykin spaniel, a dog of exquisite judgment, will have no part of this expedition and retires to the relative warmth of the pickup. The Boykin's name is Chicken.

Harry, the guide, starts up the motor, which being an outboard comes to life reluctantly. We head into the middle of the lake, then Harry takes it full out. Slap, slap, slap, goes the prow as it hits the water. Tasa and I lie in the bottom of the boat seeking some protection from the wind. We spot campfires here and there on shore and agree that not even Reid would suggest camping out the night before a shoot. Harry's powerful spotlight cuts a pitiful swath in the blackness of the night. How he can find his way by it is a mystery to me; whether we will arrive safely wherever it is we are going, I have no doubts about whatever. We won't.

Sometime back, we veered left into a cypress swamp, still going at a spanking clip. In better days I once visited the extraordinary Cypress Gardens outside Charleston, and our guide, poling us around in a shallow boat, was careful to steer clear of the exposed cypress roots, through which the trees breathe. My question is: How does Harry know we won't hit a cypress root right now? And why wouldn't it tear a hole right through the boat, sending us to the bottom of the Santee-Cooper, our bones to mingle with those of other misguided hunters of the duck? My waders I have yet to don, but in my long underwear, flannel shirt, sweater, flight suit, scarf, gloves, woolen cap, and all-weather jacket I could pass for the Michelin Tire Man: I have about the mobility of an Egyptian mummy. The rest are worse off: They're wearing their waders.

The cold creeps in, mildly uncomfortable at first; it progresses through Shivers & Shakes to Tooth Chatter, and finally to Numb.

We slow down. From time to time Harry points out a small orange ribbon tied to a branch at just about eye-level: his blaze to guide him to this morning's hunt. We're moving ever so slowly, circling, it seems. Harry mutters to himself. He asks Reid the time. Running a little late we are.

Harry is lost.

We cautiously explore the channel. It's a cul-de-sac. It takes all four of us, pulling and shoving, to back the boat out. We twist and turn slowly, then Harry spots an orange ribbon and we're on our way again. But it's getting late, and we've still got to get to our blind and put out the decoys. There's a perceptible lightening in the east. We unwind the lines and lead weights from around the decoys with cold, stiff fingers and hand them to Harry, who tosses them out in clusters around the anchored boat.

Harry thinks the ladies better shoot right from the boat. It's rained, rained a lot, and the water's pretty high. The ladies, he's observed, are pretty short. The ladies nod vigorous agreement.

"You can get out, Mr. Buckley."

Mr. Buckley, ever impetuous, leaps overboard and goes down, down into the Santee, past his ankles, his calves, his knees, his hips; the water slops in over the top of his waders to settle squishily and chillingly around his toes. Reid bravely wades out to his stand while Harry affixes black rods upright in slots on the four corners of the boat, slides in crossbars, and hitches the camouflage netting onto this frame so that Tasa and I are now crouching in a floating blind, hidden, it is earnestly hoped, from the sharp eyes of the soon-to-be-circling ducks.

The blackness has receded from the sky, making way for a grey ribbon along the horizon. You begin to pick out the silhouette of trees and bushes against the lighter backdrop. It's time to load up. Frozen fingers edge shells into chambers. Mine won't slip in, and it's not the cold fingers. Something's wrong with my gun.

"My gun's hung up," I whisper to Harry with admirable restraint.

He fiddles with it, is baffled, and carries it over to Reid, slosh, slosh,

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slosh. Reid fiddles. Slosh, slosh, slosh, and Harry is back.

"Mr. Buckley says it will have to go to the shop. Here's his gun." Reid's 5′11″ is closer to my 5′1″ than Harry's 6′2″ is, so I now have Reid's gun and Reid has commandeered Harry's. Harry sloshes off a final time to take up his post. We hear ducks now, circling overhead, their wings whistling. Harry starts to call them in. They circle, look us over, and flare off. Something's spooking them. Harry comes over, checks the blind, adjusts the camouflage netting. We hear cascades of shots, guns barking there in the distance to our left, coming closer as other hunters pick up the flight, but never reaching us. Those ducks that do fly overhead are out of reach. Reid chances a high shot at one or two, but he doesn't have the range. Lord, but he must be cold. The firing starts to die away. In ten minutes or so it will be over.

Reid is right. At dawn, the Santee-Cooper is arresting in an eerie, lost,

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

RICHARD E. MORGAN'S *Disabling America: The "Rights Industry" in Our Time* (Basic Books, $16.95) is the best book on the subject of contemporary public policy I have read this year, perhaps in several years. According to the author, who is the William Nelson Cromwell Professor of Constitutional Law and Government at Bowdoin College, it "falls into the literary genre of 'things-I-must-get-off-my-chest,'" one of them being the modern mania for mincing words—a disorder to which Professor Morgan has not succumbed. The deep intellectual pleasures sustained by reading his book should nearly be matched by the delectations provided by anticipated reviews of it.

"We must face the fact," Morgan begins,

> that beginning after World War II, and especially over the past twenty years, the American law of civil rights and liberties has been increasingly manipulated, redefined, and expanded at the urging of people with little understanding or sympathy for the traditions and ideas on which this body of law is properly based. A consequence of this, largely unintended by the rights-and-liberties militants, has been to marginally disable major American institutions, both governmental and private. It has also rendered more difficult the already daunting task of maintaining minimum standards of public manners and morals.
>
> Many interest-group advocates, law professors, activist lawyers, and publicists—what I call, collectively, the American rights industry—are no longer committed to the excruciating job of balancing individual claims against the claims of organized society. They are engaged in a different enterprise—creating new rights with unreflective enthusiasm. They have become separated from the frame of intellectual reference necessary to thoughtful decision-making about liberty and fairness. They have liberated themselves from the text and historical understandings of the Constitution. They have increasingly ignored or distorted important aspects of the American tradition which bare [*sic*!] on the adjustment of liberty and fairness claims. They have unashamedly embraced flimsy social and philosophical arguments to justify the results they desire, and in a variety of issue areas they have been successful.

Thereupon, Professor Morgan proceeds to describe the effects of these "successes" upon religion, outrageously penalized by bogus and intellectually dishonest misreadings of the Framers' intentions concerning the separation of church and state; upon education, disrupted and discredited by busing schemes mandated by cadres nested safely within the federal bureaucracy (and who, with staggering impudence, undertook to turn the Civil Rights Act of 1964 inside out, *and got away with it*) and nearly undone, subsequently, by a blitz of juvenile-rights litigation; upon law enforcement and the maintenance of public order, crippled by the Supreme Court's application of the Fifth and Sixth Amendments to the states, of which *Miranda* v. *Arizona* was the opening wedge, as well as by a fashionably tenderized concern for the privacy of suspicious persons; upon constitutional interpretation; and upon the tendency to what Morgan calls the pre-emption of private outcomes—meaning an insistence that the national government be declared sole overseer, fixer, and arbiter of every so-called problem known to civilized man.

Although the dangers implicit within these developments are rife at every level of politics and society, Morgan is no doubt correct in identifying the primary evil as a radical constriction of the private realm to the point where it is no longer "the countervailing power which, in the American tradition, it is assumed to be." "If," he continues,

> you argue that any association exercising significant social, economic, or political power is, by that fact alone, morally and legally available to be subjected to government regulation of its most important internal choices, you have traduced the concept of a private sector capable of containing government; you have undercut a major section of our constitutional foundation.

Reminding us that intellectual criticism of the adversary culture is a recent development in America, Morgan invites us to ask of the rights-industry personnel: "Who are these people?" Well, institutionally they are the ACLU, NAACP, National Council of Churches, American Jewish Congress; they are activist lawyers and committed academics—members of what Morgan calls "the talking class." Personally, they are individuals with an ideal hitched to a grudge, who don't like the United States very much and aren't concerned in the slightest by the degree to which the imposition of their whims disables American society and the American polity. The best way to fight them, Morgan believes, is to rip off their collective mask of "compassion," thus revealing them for the self-interested gentry they really are. Nevertheless, he warns, the hour is late, and the water riseth. □

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abandoned sort of way. The light is soft, heavy with siennas and umbers: It's a Turner sky transplanted to a wild new world. The waters are black and still. Harry calls again. He is a master of the duck call, and swooping low through the trees behind us comes a flight, too far from Reid, but right over our blind. Tasa handles the birds that skitter off to the left with her usual competence. I take a mallard to the right, and it splashes in the water.

From the edge of the swamp, through shivering teeth, comes a call from Reid.

"Merry Christmas, Priscilla," he says, and we all—soaking wet, cold, ninety minutes from a heated room and a hot cup of coffee—commence to laugh. It's been a wonderful present. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Grass Rain: A Tale of Modern Africa, by Eduardo Garrigues (Macmillan, 288 pp., $16.95)

KENYA, famous for its teeming wildlife, grandiose scenery, distinctive tribes, and often eccentric ex-colonials, is only marginally less so for several unsolved murders. The violent death in 1941 of Lord Erroll has recently been dissected in James Fox's *White Mischief*; now, in *The Grass Rain*, novelist Eduardo Garrigues attempts to make sense of a far more delicate incident—the murder, in 1975, of J. M. Kariuki, a Kenyan MP whose ambitions were said to be at odds with those of President Jomo Kenyatta. Whether or not the author is correct in his analysis of the murder is for the reader to decide, but one might surmise that Mr. Garrigues had access to privileged information, since at the time of Kariuki's murder he was posted to Nairobi as a diplomat. Today he is Spain's Director General for Africa, and one might wonder why he would dare risk his influence in black Africa by exhuming such an embarrassment. But he protects himself by changing the spelling of a few names, bouillabaissing an assortment of facts, and airbrushing the most telling details. Mr. Garrigues is a discreet man, careful not to incriminate those who count while making sure that anyone politically important in Kenya at the time appears in a cameo role. The novel is compelling reading, not merely for its tantalizing account of the murder but for its revelations about diplomacy, politics, and espionage in an African nation. Mr. Garrigues is amused by the anomalies of post-colonial Africa. He makes much of a character he calls Judge McGredy, the carbon copy of a fierce proponent of capital punishment once nicknamed "Bwana Maximum." Why would a black regime cling to such a figurehead of white justice while, with the other hand, it is flouting whole principles of law? Why does black Kenya hold enormous appeal for white remittance men, reprobates, and fortune hunters? Mr. Garrigues's explanations are very credible. If the reader is not already smitten by this seductive land, then he will surely succumb through the novel's descriptions—the Norfolk Hotel verandah, the savage Galana Ranch, the grand-scale Kenyan dinner parties, the lushness of the tropical coast. Mr. Garrigues's descriptions are nearly photographic. Even sex in Kenya seems to have its own distinctive allure. The result is a taut mystery that is faithful to the reality of an important Third World nation in a pivotal time. One might be permitted a few complaints: The author never quite allows his hero, Bob Fender, to do much more than bump into the very engaging situations in the plot. Some of the early scenes are slightly contrived, and the heavy focus on hunting seems, after a while, extraneous. But these faults, in the larger context, are seen as mere details. Eduardo Garrigues has written a splendid thriller, capturing the spirit of a bountiful but reckless nation. What is more, he has done what I always believed impossible for a diplomat: He has convinced me he is not mincing his words.

JOHN HEMINWAY

A Carnival of Buncombe: Writings on Politics, by H. L. Mencken, edited by Malcolm Moos (University of Chicago, paperback, 370 pp., $10.95)

THE UNIVERSITY of Chicago Press here reprints a classic Mencken collection, which has been out of print since Johns Hopkins first published it in 1956. Some 69 of Mencken's famed

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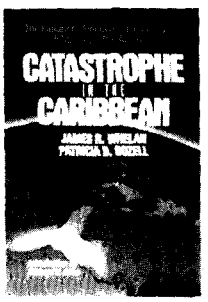

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Who Invited Castro?

Catastrophe in the Caribbean, by James R. Whelan and Patricia B. Bozell, is the shocking story of how the Carter Administration State Department pushed Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala, and Costa Rica into a state of siege or leftist control.

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Monday articles for the *Baltimore Evening Sun* are included, all of them substantiating the claims that Joseph Epstein, who has written a new Foreword for this edition, makes for their author. These are, first, that Mencken had "a special point of view" rather than a collection of opinions, and second, that, "Along with Ernest Hemingway, H. L. Mencken devised one of the few original and unmistakable American prose styles of the current century." In sum, this is very rich stuff. Faced with what he felt were the nonentities of the 1920s, Mencken looked back with a certain fondness to Teddy Roosevelt: "Life fascinated him and he knew how to make his doings fascinating to others," said Mencken; and "There was a time when the White House was frequented by interesting and amusing persons, notably during the reign of Roosevelt, but of late it is only a hangout for trash." Faced with what he felt was a procession of woodenheads, Mencken extravagantly supported La Follette in 1924, Al Smith in 1928, and FDR in 1932. Yet by 1936 he had come to see, more clearly than anybody else, the very real dangers posed by the New Deal, "a gallimaufry of transparent quackeries" that "convinced millions of the lazy lowly that the taxpayer owes them a living." There was a new game being played in Washington, and Mencken knew it. *A Carnival of Buncombe* gives the lie to those critics who believe Mencken was in decline in the 1930s: The truth is that he was better and sharper than ever, if not quite so humorous. But then again, it is one thing to mock an antique like Prohibition, and quite another to attack the advent of the welfare state.

JOE MYSAK

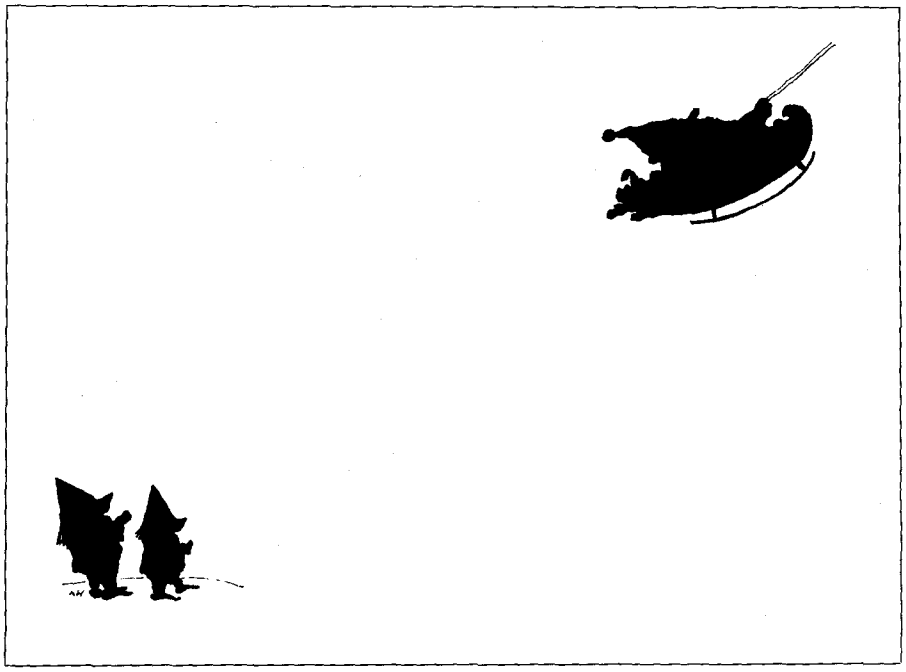
Looking for Trouble: A Journalist's Life and Then Some, by Peter Worthington (Key Porter Books, 469 pp., $24.95)

PETER WORTHINGTON describes his kind of foreign correspondents as "the firemen" of the trade, the guys who rush to the scene when bullets start flying. Not for him and his like the finer nuances of international diplomacy. He's in Suez days after the British-French-Israeli invasion, the first Canadian reporter in Damascus after young King Faisal is assassinated, knows where and how Patrice Lumumba was tortured to death. He has met them all from Dr. Tom Dooley (whom he disliked) to Dr. Albert Schweitzer (whom he liked, but who never would have passed Hygiene II. The hospital in Lambaréné was a disaster, but how that old man could play the piano!). Worthington was born to create waves (his father's early history deserves a book of its own) and make them he did, first as the *Toronto Telegram*'s man on the international beat, then as a co-founder of the *Toronto Sun* (from which he has just been fired), as an editor who ran afoul of Pierre Trudeau for his revelations of the extensive Soviet espionage organization in Canada (he was indicted under the Official Secrets Act), and finally as an independent-minded, ultimately successful Tory parliamentary candidate. In this fascinating, graphic, iconoclastic recounting of news events, Worthington gives us a refresher course in late-twentieth-century history, an insider's look at Canadian politics, and the best read in ages. He has little patience with pretensions, particularly among his journalistic colleagues. In 1980, he tells us, "The American people, brainwashed by the media, were reluctant to admit they were voting for him, even though on TV Reagan seemed mild, unfailingly courteous, and not nearly as wild-eyed and erratic as Jimmy Carter, who, like Britain's erstwhile Labour leader Michael Foot, had the appearance of The Man Who Had Just Seen the Most Awful Thing in the World. On election day 44 out of fifty states went for Reagan, much to the media's consternation." Four years later little had changed except the number of states Reagan would win. *Looking for Trouble* is jam-packed with witty asides and political insights by that *rara avis*, a right-wing journalist.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Edmund Wilson's America, by George H. Douglas (University Press of Kentucky, 254 pp., $23)

GEORGE H. DOUGLAS, a professor at the University of Illinois, writes in defense of an easily defended notion: Edmund Wilson as Americanist. ("He was primarily interested in the American scene, and his writing became more saturated with this interest as his life progressed.") *Edmund Wilson's America*, however, is rather more than an academic exercise in belaboring the obvious. Though Mr. Douglas is obviously an admirer of "the great man of letters of our time," he is not too admiring to let Wilson's utter ignorance of basic economic theory go unremarked; he is also particularly good on *Apologies to the Iroquois* and *O Canada*, two of Wilson's most interesting and least-read books. There are intermittent lapses from syntactic grace —Mr. Douglas refers at one point to "a youthful jihad against Puritanism" and observes elsewhere that some readers have been "turned off" by Wil-



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son's later work—but the prose is generally straightforward and unclotted. What we *really* need, of course, is a double-decker biography from Leon Edel; until we get it, though, books like *Edmund Wilson's America* will take up the slack. TERRY TEACHOUT

CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from page 39)

read Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* and said it was a "grand book." He was genuinely moved by it. But, an elitist to the last, he tried to tell Hayek that if "good" people would get behind a moderate plan, all would be well. Milton Friedman's apt comment here is that Keynes ignored the chapter in *The Road to Serfdom* called "Why the Worst Get on Top." It takes tough guys to enforce an all-encompassing plan, and toughness easily spills over into violence.

In further comment on Yeager's paper, Karl Brunner said the "Keynesian tradition typically attributes to government and its apparatus the attitude of a benevolent dictator." Hayek, from his own perspective as a refugee from Austrian and German Nazism, could hardly have been expected to take his chances that an English or an American dictator might providentially be good-hearted.

Aside from the main confrontations involving Keynes and Hayek, there was a scattering of other topics discussed. Shirley Letwin said that agreement on the rule of law must be the basis of "Moral Agreement in a Free Society." John Davenport elicited a laugh by observing that Mont Pelerinians could agree on everything save the subjects of God and gold. There were papers on the clash of security and progress, on the obstacles to restoring a market economy, on trade unions, on Latin America, on the social market economies. The most newsworthy of the scattered discussions was that of William Havender, Edith Efron, and Julian Simon, who talked on aspects of the abuse of science in public policy. Miss Efron accused our scientists of being chicken-hearted about denouncing phony cancer scares. Simon dismissed the prospect that the world was about to run out of needed raw materials as so much nonsense. And Havender exposed the nebulous quality of the Environmental Protection Agency's research into such matters as food chemistry.

The most encouraging thing about the Mont Pelerin Cambridge meeting was that it took place in an academic environment that is no longer fashionably leftist. Arvid Fredborg of Sweden made it a special project to talk with Cambridge students. He reported that, unlike some of their professors, they seemed to be solidly right-wing. This is a far cry from the Cambridge of the Thirties, which the Communists found to be a great harvesting ground for Party members and even outright traitors. The Cambridge of 1984 was ready to accept the homecoming Hayek as a popular figure. □

ALLEN

(Continued from page 29)

Augustine wept after the burial of his mother, but the way that he tells it shows a man who had labored too long at the mills of Stoic philosophy. The school of his old master Cicero had despised any sort of strong emotion:

> And now, O Lord, in writing I confess it unto Thee. Read it who will, and interpret it how he will; and if he finds sin therein, that I wept my mother for a small portion of an hour . . . let him not deride me; but rather, if he be one of large charity, let him weep himself for my sins unto Thee, the father of all the brethren of Christ.

After burying his mother at Ostia, Augustine went back to North Africa with the intent of becoming a monk. He was later, in fact, to become (quite against his will) the bishop of Hippo, but at this point the narrative of the *Confessions* breaks off. The three remaining books are taken up with dry-as-dust speculation on the nature of memory and the question of how the world was created in time. Modern readers can be forgiven if they do not follow the saint into this maze of abstruse thought. It is the man Augustine whom most readers find interesting, the worldling who transcended the world, the ambitious climber who fell into the everlasting hands. The book is pivotal. It stands at the crossroads of whole ages and systems of thought. Augustine was both the last man of the ancient world and the first man of the medieval world, and by rare good fortune he was also the first man to write his autobiography. Hundreds of thousands of souls must have undergone the same soul-searching, soul-finding in the fourth century, but here, in burning prose, we can watch the process take place in something like the intimacy of a confessional. Augustine is mediating in his mind and writing Hebrew thought into Graeco-Roman thought, Platonism into Christianity, and the life of this world into that of the world to come. Augustine began the movement that modern scholars call the medieval synthesis.

We can end where we came in, with Augustine making a speech before a king. This time it is no petty emperor, propped on a tottering throne, but the Lord God whom Augustine addresses. And the speech is no tissue of lies made to throw over the pustulant sores of a falling empire. It is, rather, the agonized confession of an individual—one of the first in history—passionate and philosophical, addressing God with all he had to speak with—his whole life. It is a panegyric again, but the glory is all to God for the stupendous miracle that He had wrought—simply that He had loved this mean little pear-stealing, lying teacher of rhetoric. He could praise God for no greater miracle than that love.

The book is almost literally the man and the man is an individual, and that is what has kept the work fresh and powerful these many centuries. Augustine the individual transcends systems, philosophies, theologies. He meets the reader as he met God, as an individual. □

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SELF-DELUSION, SCIENTIFIC-STYLE

NEW YORK, DEC. 12

STREETWISE Soviet-watchers know something as certainly as astronomers know what time the sun will rise tomorrow. This is that Gromyko, when he meets with Secretary of State Shultz on January 7, 1985, is going to come up with a new if-you-don't-agree-to-this-forget-it demand. Last year, of course, it was that we should not deploy missiles in Europe to oppose the new generation of Soviet SS-20s. We went ahead. Now it will be that we freeze our SDI. (That stands for Strategic Defense Initiative. That stands for Star Wars. You can tell a pro-SDI from an anti-SDI by a simple voice test. The antis say "Star Wars." The pros say "High Frontier.")

We have, traditionally, gone a long way to propitiate the Soviet Union, when preparing to sit down to bargain with it. Jean-François Revel has written a gruesomely accurate portrayal of our weakness when face to face with the Soviets called *How Democracies Perish*. The news that came from Washington last week could have added an extra illustrative chapter to Mr. Revel's book, whose thesis is that the West, paradoxically, is always apologizing for any effort it makes to defend itself against the Soviet effort to overcome us.

Last week's example of this kind of thing was the State Department's decision to postpone publication of the research recently completed on Soviet violations of existing treaties and executive understandings having to do with disarmament and arms control. There are, apparently, 19 documented Soviet violations. The idea is to hold off publicizing these on the grounds that were we to do so, Gromyko would be offended; and this might cause him to cancel his trip to Geneva. What never gets asked, publicly, is what is the point in bringing Gromyko to Geneva to conclude the draft of yet another arms-control treaty if the Soviet Union regularly violates existing treaties?

Now the Soviet Union and its epigoni are, without any apparent difficulty, stuck with paradoxical positions. The first is that SDI/Star Wars/High Frontier is silly stuff, adult Pac-Manitis that ought not to occupy the attention of serious people. The second position is that, for-gawd's-sake, we should cut out research and development of SDI because there is nothing likelier to bring on war than to proceed with a program that could well vitiate the Soviet first-strike nuclear advantage. The two positions are obviously contradictory: but never mind.

Faced with such contradictions, an inquisitive public tends naturally to look to the opinion of scientists. The most dismaying datum of the scientific season is revealed in a brilliant, chilling article published in *Commentary* magazine this month. It is by Robert Jastrow, founder of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, a theoretical physicist who teaches at Dartmouth. What Jastrow documents is the equivalent of an exposé that the American Medical Association came out in favor of cigarette smoking soon after its directors had acquired stock in tobacco companies. The equivalent here of owning stock in tobacco companies is heavy ideological investment. The scientists whose findings on SDI have been proved so stupendously ill-informed are ideological junkies. They—the Union of Concerned Scientists—along with the scientists who prepared a study for Congress's Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) made representations about the unfeasibility of SDI that can only be compared to past findings by scientists that the world is flat, that bees cannot fly, and that human stomachs cannot be operated on because the exposure of the abdomen to air would cause instant death.

"When theoretical physicists joust over ideas, a factor of two hardly counts; a factor of three matters a bit; factors of ten begin to be important; factors of one hundred can win or lose an argument; and factors of one thousand begin to be embarrassing. In a study of the practicality of the Neutral Particle Beam—that most promising destroyer of Soviet missiles and warheads—the panel of the Union of Concerned Scientists made a mistake by a cool factor of 1,600."

Professor Jastrow documents the appalling mis-estimates of scientists who had committed themselves to the proposition that SDI was politically provocative. And therefore that it wouldn't work: and therefore set out to accept hypotheses, untested, that were—have been—are—subversive in effect. By this is meant that a number of Americans, including, one supposes, legislators, are influenced by highly publicized findings that are just plain false.

Watch Gromyko a month from now. One prays he will not succeed. But he will be using a great many distinguished American scientists as his echo chamber. □

STATE TAXES?

NEW YORK, DEC. 17

BEFORE INVOLVING ourselves in the question whether Mr. Regan's proposals involving the deductibility of state taxes are desirable or not desirable, we might pause to reflect on the implicit philosophy of tax deductibility.

Our tax code, which Jimmy Carter denounced as a "disgrace to the human race," a phrase which is a disgrace to the English language, seeks to do a lot of things. For one, to encourage certain kinds of activities: thus a contribution to the Red Cross is tax deductible, and a wealthy man ($80,000 plus) who is paying a 50 per cent tax on the marginal dollar is in effect involving the Treasury in his philanthropy. Because the gift to the Red Cross is deductible, so that, out of pocket, it costs the taxpayer fifty cents out of every dollar, and the Treasury fifty cents.

Another attempt is made by the tax code to figure out exactly what an individual's "adjusted" taxable income is. You begin by taking deductions for your wife and children. Your charities, as above. And the necessary overhead on your business. For instance, if you run a hamburger stand, you deduct the cost of hamburger meat and hamburger buns.

Now, the philosophical question is: Is it a cost of doing business, so to speak, if the state you are living in lifts a certain percentage of your income? Mr. Regan, in his spirited reply to his critics, is saying to them in effect: Well, if Mr. Jones doesn't want to pay that extra tax, all he has to do is to cease living in New York State. There are, after all, 49 others. And Connecticut, which is nearby, has no income tax at all.

But the cogency of Mr. Regan's retort is gravely subverted by its implicit reliance on the federal system. It is true that a New Yorker can elect to live and work in Connecticut, but the very existence of that

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option presupposes that Connecticut is free of hegemonic tax laws passed by Washington. But in the last analysis, individual states are free only to the extent that the Federal Government permits them independent fiscal policies, and this is substantially undermined by declining to grant tax deductibility. A few years ago, an author in Sweden, perhaps the most tax-ridden state in the world, decided against writing another book when told it would cost him 110 per cent of the advance. It would be hypothetically possible, if Mr. Regan's plan were enacted forfeiting the deductibility of local taxes, for an American citizen to pay more than his income. Before Reagan, tax on dividends was as high as 70 per cent. Tax on dividends in New York State mounts very quickly (after $23,000) to 14 per cent. Tax in New York City rises, with some speed, to 4.3 per cent. So that under very recent codes a New Yorker could find himself paying 88.3 per cent of his dividends in taxes. The principle of deductibility is a guarantor of the survival of federalism.

But having said as much, it is wonderfully amusing to hear Governor Cuomo, Mr. Moynihan, et al. screaming and yelling about the need to protect the same people they were screaming and yelling at the Reagan Administration for protecting through past tax-relief legislation. Cuomo et al. want relief for the top 40 per cent of New Yorkers, who are paying at the highest New York rates (10 per cent for earned income, 14 per cent for unearned income). "The large number of New Yorkers who deduct are not all wealthy people. These are people who are middle-class and lower-middle-class, who are struggling to keep up with the mortgage payments on their homes." How soothing to hear the middle class spoken about with such solicitude, so many speeches during the election season having been devoted to the "tax breaks" for this group given by the Reagan Administration. In such speeches, the group was regularly called "rich," finely tuned taxonomy being out of season.

The sociological moral is very interesting. Governor Cuomo doesn't want to make life in New York unbearable for high-income people. In part because he wants their money. But in major part because he wants their skills. There has been a massive evacuation of large corporations from New York during the past twenty years—for the simple reason that taxes here, even if deductible, are simply too high. If Regan's proposals were enacted, New York would look like Dunkirk.

To be sure, Mr. Regan suggested a radical alternative to Governor Cuomo. It was that New York could really solve the problem by the simple expedient of cutting taxes. If the tax were reduced in New York from 10 per cent to 5 per cent, the net effect on the taxpayer would be the same as if he had deducted it. But the thought of that alternative sent Governor Cuomo to a sickbed, and he has not been heard from since. □

THE SOUTH AFRICAN BIT

NEW YORK, DEC. 14

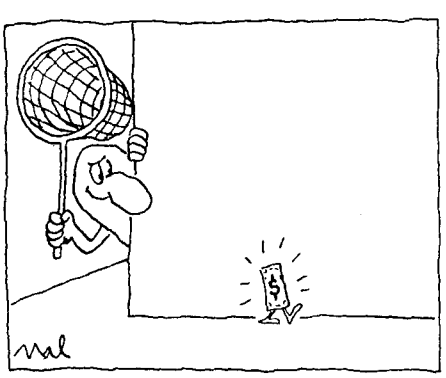
CONCERNING THE spreading wave of boycotts against South Africa, a few observations:

1. If we assume that in the average human being there is secreted let us say ten cubic centimeters of indignation enzymes, then one would wish that they were used up with keener reference to orderly priorities.

At this moment, the gravest human crisis on the African continent is being played out in Ethiopia. Massive starvation. Moreover, starvation that, it now appears, cannot be ascribed to that harsh and eccentric planet that visits its pestilences on us and always has, without any apparent order, from the ruination of Pompeii to the devastation of the area surrounding Mount St. Helens. There was dry weather, in slight disproportion to the norm in Ethiopia. But what brought on massive starvation was the policies of a black Marxist tyrant who, taking his lead from Stalin, elected to use starvation as a political instrument, and then so mismanaged his agricultural policy as to dry up the general reservoir of food, threatening to decimate the population.

It has for many years been remarked that American black leaders find it difficult to criticize any action by any other black leader. Martin Luther King Jr., on receiving the Nobel Prize in 1964, was asked to criticize the slaughter by black guerrillas of white Christian missionaries in the Congo, but merely changed the subject, and returned to talk of civil rights in the South. The ideologization of indignation causes impurities in it.

But of course it is not only American blacks who are moved to keep silent on the matter of human wreckage in Ethiopia (and, before that, in Uganda; and in the Central African Republic; and in Rwanda and Burundi, just to evoke a few modern horror sites in black Africa).



It is also trendy whites who see no evil where black men rule. Two Kennedy children were arrested the other day for violating laws protecting foreign embassies. It would be good, some time before the Armageddon with which we have been threatened since the re-election of Ronald Reagan, to read of one Kennedy child, somewhere, being arrested for protesting, say, the genocidal war against Afghanistan, the persecution of the Church in Poland, the systematic savagery of the North Vietnamese against the South or—if they want to get worked up about it—the tyranny of the Kremlin over the Russian people.

2. Having said as much on the matter of priorities, I think it healthy that there should be social protests against the policies of apartheid. Always we are prudently guided by distinctions made respectively by John Quincy Adams, and by Senator J. William Fulbright. It was Adams who cautioned that the American people are friends of liberty everywhere, but custodians only of our own. And it was Fulbright who said that the government (repeat, government) of the United States has no proper quarrel with the domestic policies of any foreign government provided that government does not seek to export those policies.

Well, the government of South Africa is not trying to introduce apartheid into neighboring countries. And, under the circumstances, the government of the United States has no quarrel with the government of South Africa.

But the American people, as distinguished from the American government, if we are friends of liberty, do have such a quarrel: on the grounds that we are committed to certain universal values, and one of these is equality before the law. There is no such equality before the law in South Africa. Even if we concede that the South Africans have problems that are in many ways unique; and even if we admit humbly that our own record in addressing the rights of citizens of all colors is hardly exemplary: still, we can, do, and should experience and demonstrate our indignation that racial blocs in South Africa—blacks, Asians, Coloreds—are for all intents and purposes not merely disfranchised, but deprived of the most basic of all human rights, the right to own property.

To protest, unhappily, is in many situations a temptation to cease to reason. Thus the protestors want not merely changes in South Africa brought about by South Africans. They want, in effect, U.S. policies toward South Africa that we do not apply against Bulgaria, let alone the Soviet Union. But that, once again, is to introduce the factor of disproportion. Leave that to one side, and the protests are honorable. □

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DELIGHTFUL ALL-SEASONS HOME: One mile from fully developed Mont-Ste.-Anne ski center. Access to miles and miles of ski trails in provincial park, only 200 yards from front door. In summer, forest trails open to hiking or bicycling along beautiful mountain river. Tennis, golf, horse rentals, sailing, fishing, and other activities within 2–10 minutes' drive. Five bedrooms, 3½ baths, large entry, kitchen, living/dining area, 2 fireplaces, 2 balconies, 1 porch, game room/laundry. Guest floor has own kitchenette and living/dining area. Separate garage-sized building for storage. On 14,580-square-foot lot in fully developed area surrounded by similar attractive homes in U.S. $75,000–$100,000 range. Private satellite antenna receives dozens of channels in English, French, Spanish. Complete municipal services in a country-like setting. Lovely view up St. Lawrence River to Quebec City. Furnished. U.S. $90,000. Place 1-minute call (preferably evenings) to 418-826-2635 or 813-867-3903 and owner will call back.

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SKILLED, EXPERIENCED TYPIST will type manuscripts. Any material except math, medical. English only. Competitive rates. Write NR Box 4007.

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CORONADO. Luxury condominium with view. San Diego. Beautiful mission beach house. Fully equipped. Weekly rates. 619-294-2556.

SKI ASPEN—3-bedroom, 2-bath spacious chalet. Sleeps 6. Fireplace, laundry, garage, sauna. Call 217-222-9389.

SKI VAIL. 2-bedroom, 2-bath condominium with all amenities available 1984-85 season. Call Doris for information at 309-686-3500 Monday–Friday; after 5 p.m., call 309-692-1134.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Thomas Jefferson on Vigilance

If once the people become inattentive to the public affairs, you and I and Congress and Assemblies, Judges and Governors, shall all become wolves. It seems to be the law of our general nature, in spite of individual exceptions.

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WAILEA, MAUI—2-bedroom low-rise condominium. Golf, tennis, view. Mile from beach; quiet. $110/day. 213-454-0982.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

INAUGURAL BALL: Want to attend at minimum cost? Reaganaut woman with tickets (41, OK looks) seeks escort, roughly 40–55, 5'6"+, who'd enjoy formal evening with Reagan supporters. Fair dancer, social skills preferred. Accommodations, other events arrangeable. No strings. Reply 301 North Beauregard, #913, Alexandria, Va. 22312 by January 5, 1985, giving telephone numbers.

50-YEAR-OLD BUSINESSWOMAN, attractive, slim, well-educated, well-traveled, enthusiastic, would like to meet a man from the Chicago/Milwaukee area who enjoys theater, music, dining, and good conversation. Write NR Box 4008.

REACTIONARY journalist/writer, NYC; tall, dark, 36, expatriate Californian; seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo to please. Write NR Box 3873.

ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS, GOOD-HEARTED (and sometimes outrageous) woman, 41 (looks 31), well-traveled, Catholic convert, likes beachcombing, antiquing, shopping, socializing, and solitude. Seeks companionship of successful, interesting, mature (40ish), traditionally minded man, honest as the day is long. Write NR Box 4004.

HANDSOME, NEVER-MARRIED L.A.-area male English teacher, 36, 5'10", Spanish-speaking, Vietnam veteran, interested in books, art, travel, hiking, nature, skiing, and hockey, seeks an intelligent, nonsmoking woman of ideas, humor, and heart, 20–30, Catholic, but not too Catholic. Write NR Box 4003.

HUMOROUS, REFINED, OUTGOING, ivy-educated, good-looking New York professional woman, WASP, 40, blonde, tall and slim, who enjoys good tennis and skiing, hiking, the art of conversation, PBS, choral singing, and the stimulation of ideas, seeks a very bright, thoughtful, attractive, sophisticated (in the best sense of the word) male companion, 5'10" or taller, who shares her wide-ranging interests and conservative values. Photo, bio, please. Write NR Box 3997.

IF YOU ARE MALE, 34 or less, professional, successful, conservative, good-looking, athletic, considerate, have a sense of humor, and have traditional moral values, you are probably just right for this 26-year-old very attractive, bright, professional female who enjoys good conversation, travel, water sports, and is interested in meeting "Mr. Right." Photo please. Write NR Box 4002.

MAN, 30, in northern Poland seeks friends in U.S. Profession: geodesist. Interests: sports, music. Write NR Box 3985.

SUPER ACHIEVERS CLUB—M.D.s, J.D.s, Ph.D.s, business execs, talented artists, M.A.s, etc. Call your match. 212-267-5785.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT blonde female, 38. Owner of PR business in Southeast. Interested in photography, reading, horses, and country living. Would like contact with 40ish gentleman with integrity, stability, and similar interests. Write NR Box 3992.

WARM-HEARTED, GREEN-EYED brunette, 27, 5'2", NYC computer whiz, world traveler, enjoys cooking, bicycling, canoeing. Seeks smart, kind, professional gentleman with traditional outlook. Write NR Box 3964.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations, use our Exchange to contact others nearby or worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

LONELY?? SOUL*MATES is an intelligent answer! Correspond with astrologically compatible singles. Details $1. Box R-171263, Memphis, Tenn. 38187-1263.

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS seek enlightened correspondence and lasting relationships. Details: Scanna-NR, Box 4, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081. 215-566-2132.

Miscellaneous

CATHOLIC? CONSERVATIVE? If you are Catholic and conservative, between the ages of 18 and 45, you should be part of our national network of Catholic activists. We are making a difference! Send a short bio and address to: Joan E. Donohue, P.O. Box 76742, Washington, D.C. 20013-6742. Do it today!

INTERNATIONALLY RESPECTED SENSITIVE knows you have a question. Financially, I advise buying silver. Anything more personal, send $10 to Carol, P.O. Box 55-8628, Miami, Fla. 33255-8628.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, new products wanted for presentation to industry and exhibition at national innovation exposition. Call 800-528-6050. In Arizona call 800-352-0458, ext. 831.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $20 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC FORUM is an organization sponsoring lectures, discussion groups, short courses, spiritual talks, etc. for young Catholic adults in NYC area. For information call 212-523-2826 or write NYCF, 86 Riverside Drive, Dept. A, New York, N.Y. 10024.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the amendments — 200 24 56 168 87 143 174 139 125 76 / 16

B. Attraction; similarity — 145 82 98 239 45 62 196 169

C. Hardy's crowd — 31 207 126 189 9 103 42

D. Modern city problem (2 words) — 195 222 183 112 68 201 20 192 137 205 / 91

E. 24 hours (2 words) — 188 164 72 25 144 116 210 53

F. One with an inordinate fear of technological advancement — 107 141 129 146 75 244 35

G. French tonic (2 words) — 138 97 23 3 211 70 202 104 86 128

H. Exclamation of satisfaction from an off-the-rack buyer (3 words) — 242 197 127 46 171 83 157 69

I. Bad day for Julius? (3 words) — 243 235 30 130 151 63 117 11 94 39 / 247

J. *Small parrot* — 54 186 5 95 219 110 152 34

K. Scenic Virginia locale — 212 224 28 59 221 132 187 118 43 213

L. Corsage flower — 218 161 111 19 58 204

M. Tailor's need (3 words) — 158 67 206 36 181 191 114 148 96 165 / 51 194 220 4 80

N. Relying — 182 40 105 6 172 133 81 231 241

O. How we get better every day? (2 words) — 153 190 100 21 193 134 41 178

P. Grant entrance — 214 61 229 17 92

Q. Arthurian hero — 121 60 33 170 216 113 71 162

R. Sacrosanct — 227 203 12 55 106 184 79 123 236

S. Indian city — 234 248 1 159 65 198 167 22

T. Handicapped one? — 18 185 238 64 52 119

U. Shuttle motto (2 words) — 209 176 10 160 73 44 215 135 154

V. Anagram CRETIN JET — 77 240 166 13 177 140 57 89 223

W. Emily Post says polite visitors should always do this (2 words) — 88 155 208 199 7 136 37 228 84 99 / 233 66 122 217

X. Everywhere (3 words) — 245 108 50 163 149 85 124 38 232 15 / 180 115

Y. Spanish port — 101 26 49 237

Z. Sunspot phenomenon — 90 156 173 14 120

a. Glisten — 226 47 230 150 249 102 29

b. Barrel slat — 142 246 48 175 2

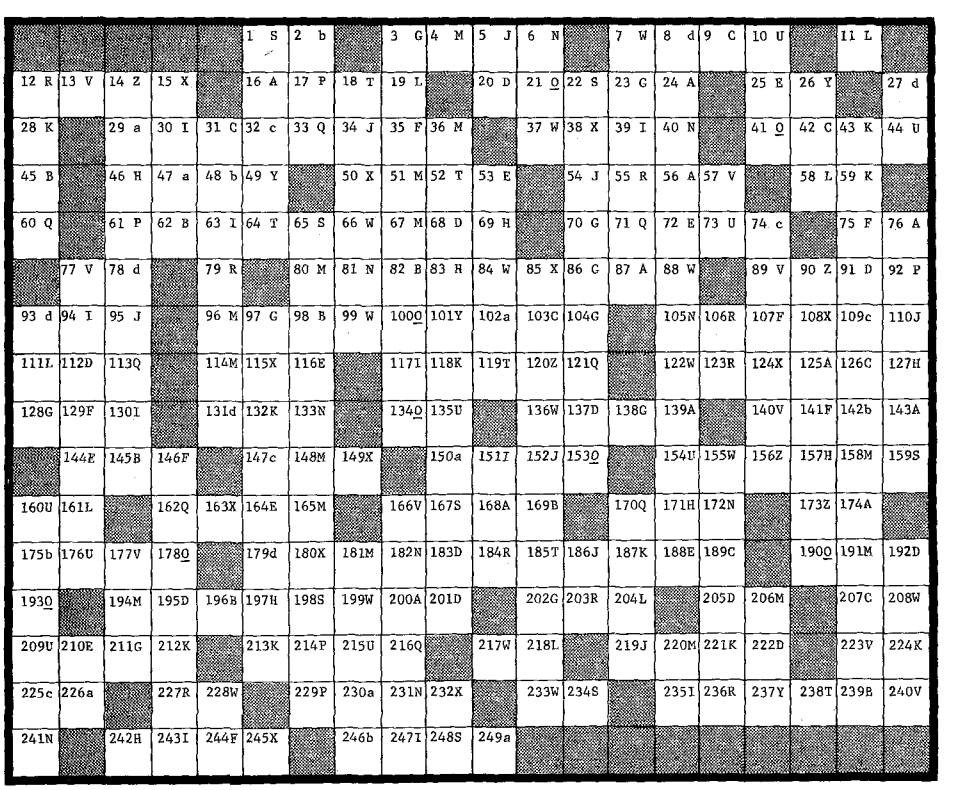
c. Dummkopf — 225 74 32 147 109

d. The first calculator — 131 27 8 179 93 78

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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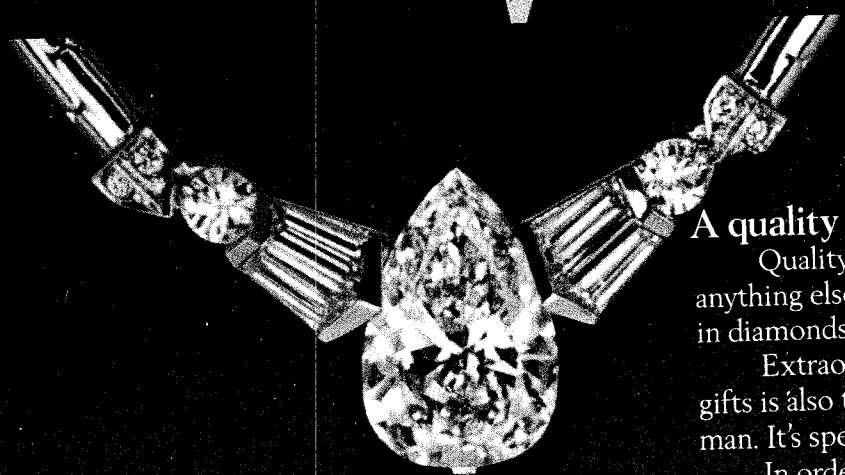

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